

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY

# COMICS

SM  
★  
8

AUG.  
No. 11

10¢

ACROSS ONE  
HALF THE GLOBE  
WING THE  
BLACKHAWKS  
TO AID THE  
AMERICAN  
CAUSE IN  
THE EAST!!!

ANOTHER THRILLING  
**BLACKHAWK**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

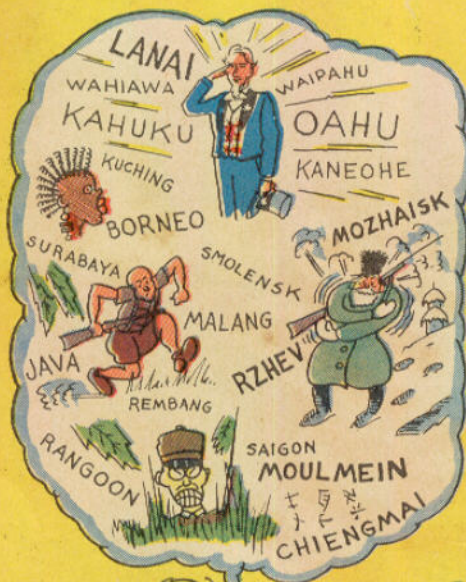
Brother Jim is in the Navy,  
Brother Tom's an Air Cadet,  
And Cousin Hank's a-building tanks,  
But I must wait and fret!

Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"  
But it's hard to concentrate  
On olden wars and ancient lores,  
And stuff so out of date!

War Geography has got me!  
Every name is like a sneeze!  
From Oahu to Waipahu,  
From Minsk to Celebes!

Miquelon and Madagascar,  
Guam, Tobruk and Mandalay—  
They give me pain inside my brain,  
And fill me with dismay!

They're the reason tires are scarcer,  
And the car is "on the shelf."  
But why should I complain and sigh?  
I've got a bike, myself!

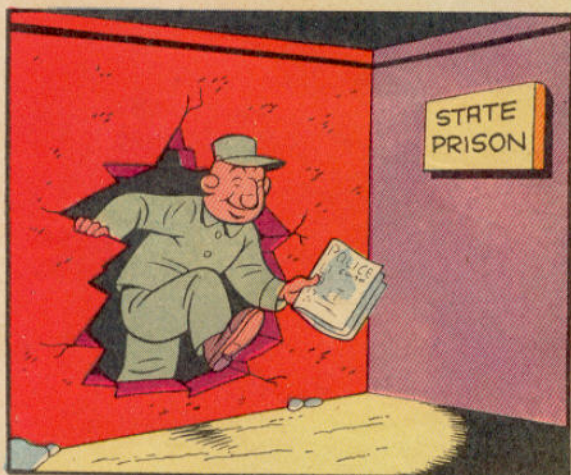
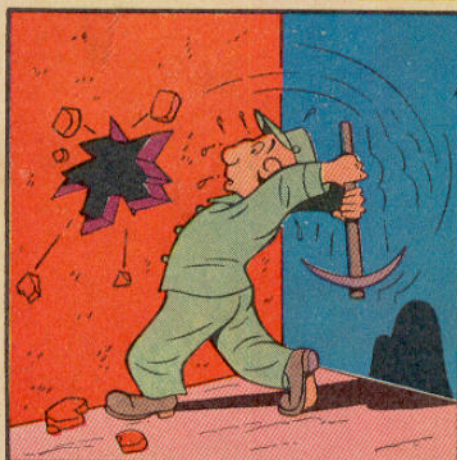
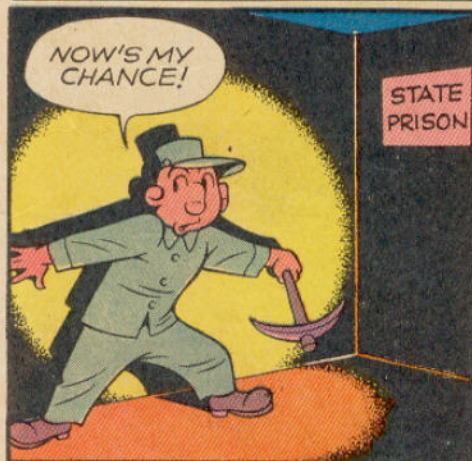


Its coaster brake's a Morrow,  
(That's a tip I got from Dad!)  
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,  
It's tops . . . and that ain't bad!

Famous for more than 40 years!  
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,  
long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake.  
Your bicycle dealer can furnish  
a Morrow Coaster Brake on  
any bike — ask for it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • ELMIRA, N. Y.

## MORROW COASTER BRAKE



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**ARMY**

STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION ON LAND  
*Section 1.*

# BLACK HAWK



Chas.  
Guiders



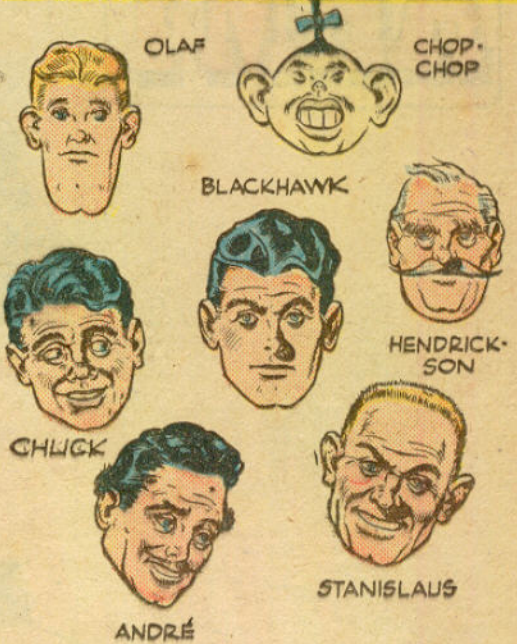
HIDDEN DEEP IN THE  
FOG SHROUDED WASTES  
OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC,  
LIES TINY BLACK-  
HAWK ISLAND---



HERE LIVE THE  
SEVEN MEN WHOSE LIVES ARE  
DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION  
OF TOTALITARIANISM--



EACH MAN, A SURVIVOR OF THE NAZI  
BLITZKRIEG IN EUROPE, THEY RANGE  
THE WORLD FIGHTING FOR THE  
FREEDOM OF MANKIND ---



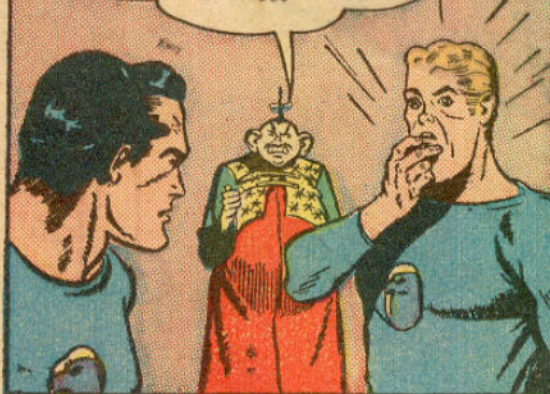
WITHIN THE CAMOUFLAGED BARRACKS  
A DEBATE IS TAKING PLACE ----



AMERICA CAN TAKE  
CARE OF HERSELF,  
YES? OUR GREAT-  
EST WORTH IS IN  
THE STARVING  
COUNTRIES OF  
EUROPE, NO?



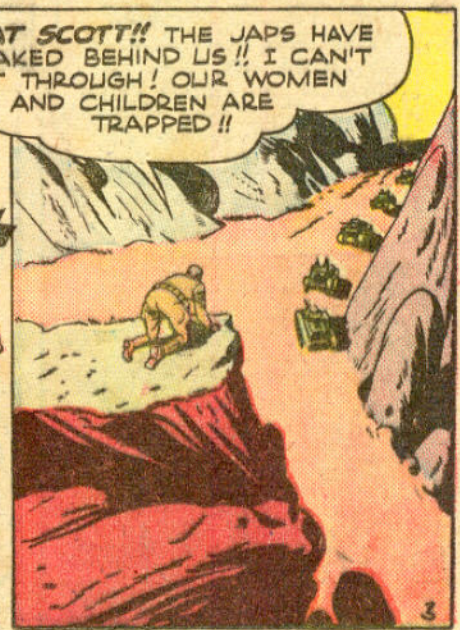
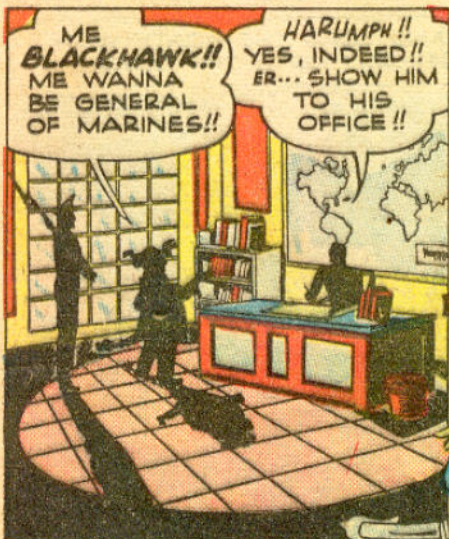
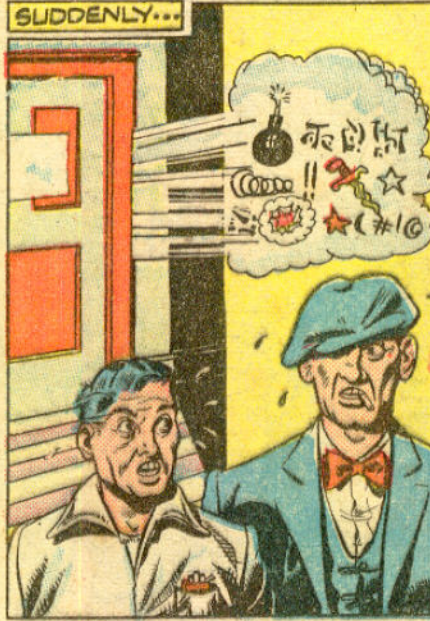
TALK, TALK, TALK!!! YOU  
OUGHTA BE ASHAME! AMERICA...  
ONLY COUNTRY IN WORLD WHERE  
MAN CAN LIVE LIKE HOOMAN-  
BEING... IS THREATENED!! OKEY-  
DOKEY... YOU TALK! ME PLOUD  
TO HELP AMERICA!! CHOP-CHOP  
GO TO FIGHT!! GOOM-  
BYE!!!



WELL, BOYS---I  
GUESS WE'D BETTER GET  
STARTED!!!











BELOW, IN THE VILLAGE....



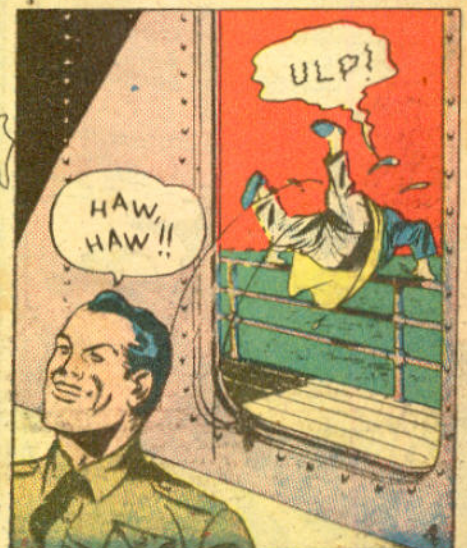
QUICKLY AND QUIETLY, THE AMERICANS LOAD THE BOATS WITH THEIR FEW POSSESSIONS AND PUSH OUT ONTO THE OCEAN...



THEY'VE ESCAPED!! YOU FOOLS!! ACH!! WHY DOES MY LEADER TROUBLE HIMSELF WITH YOU... YOU... YOU...!! GO AFTER THEM!! CONTACT THE NAVY... DESTROY THEM!! THEY MUST SERVE AS AN OBJECT LESSON!!



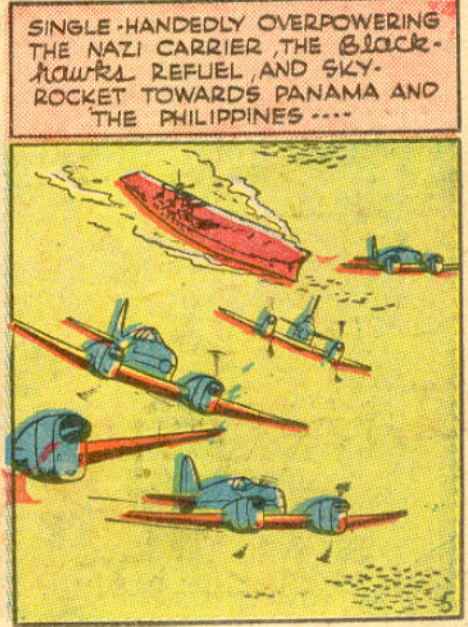
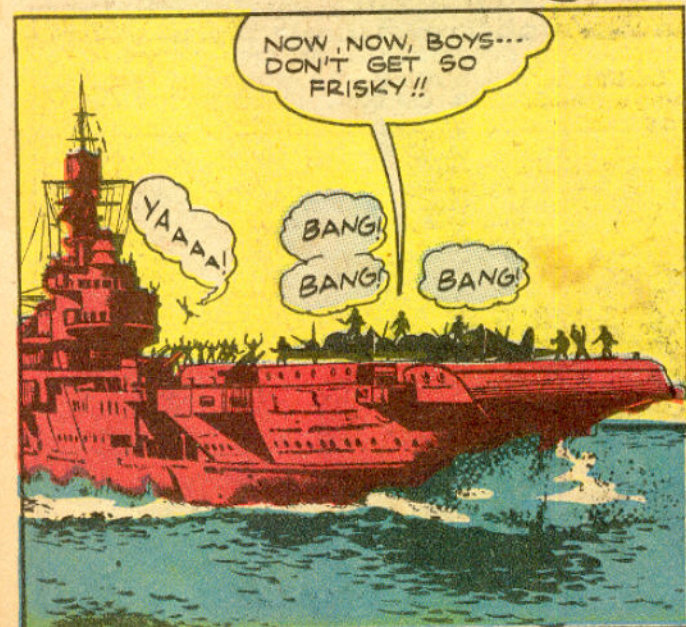
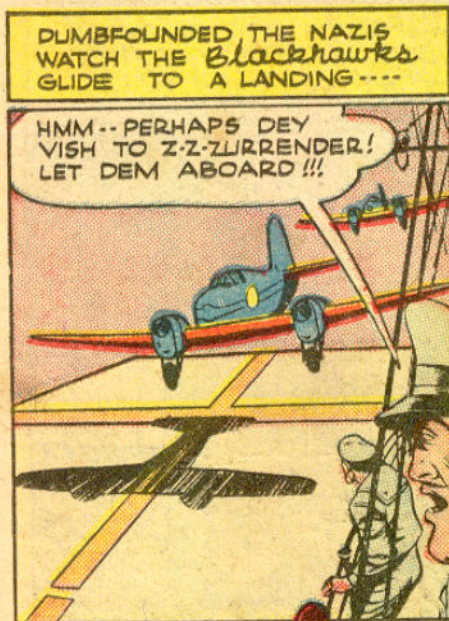
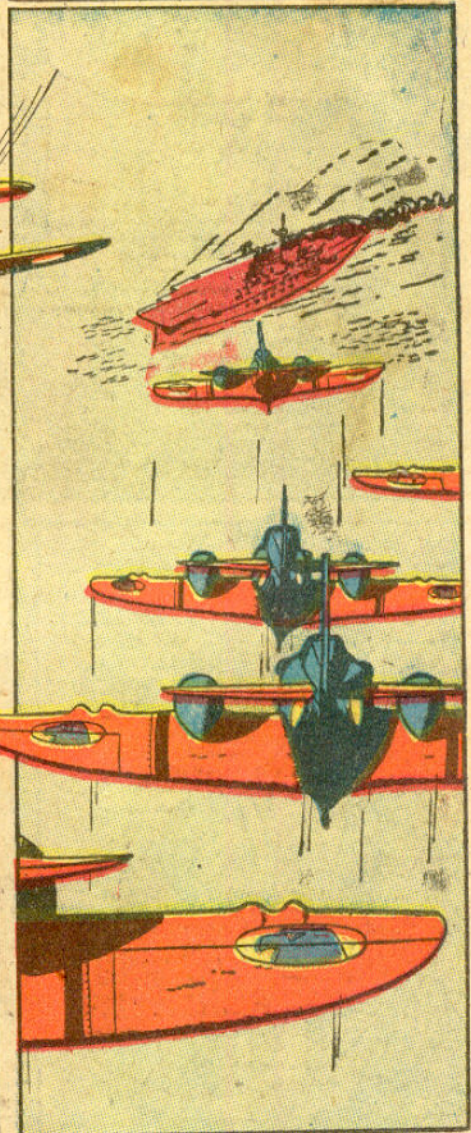
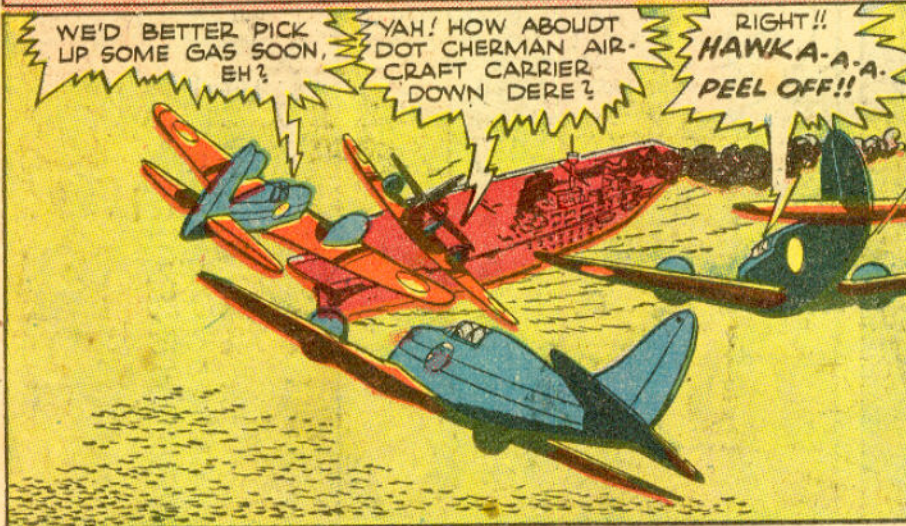
... AND ON AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT APPROACHING THE PHILIPPINES ....





MEANWHILE, THE **Blackhawks**, HAVING DISCOVERED CHOP CHOP'S WHEREABOUTS, ARE WINGING SWIFTLY SOUTHWARD TOWARDS PANAMA --- EN ROUTE TO THE WAR-TORN PHILIPPINES ----

WITH POWERFUL MOTORS SCREAMING, THE **Blackhawks** ROAR DOWN ON THE NAZI CARRIER ----





MEANWHILE, THE AMERICAN REFUGEES HAVE REACHED AN UNINHABITED ISLE...



SURE ENOUGH... AS CHOPS' SHIP DOCKS...



AS THE RED CROSS GIRLS FALL IN...

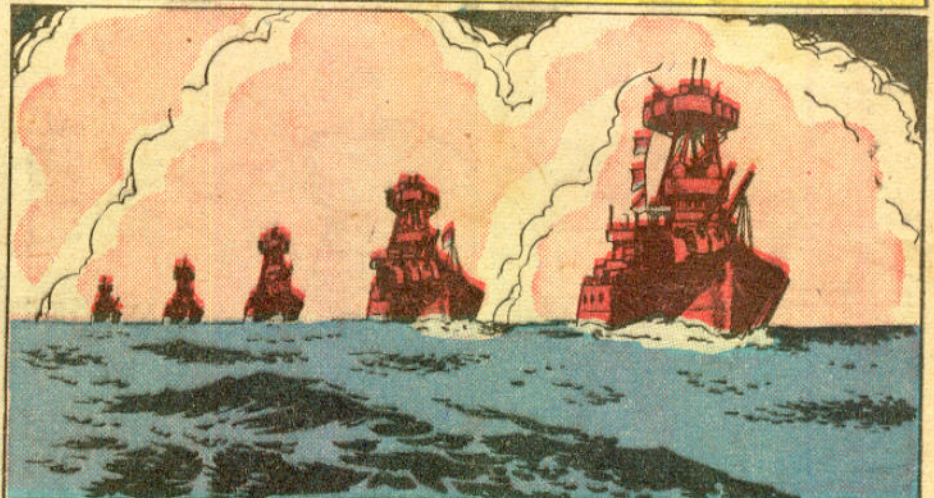


OH, JOY!! IS DELICIOUSNESS!! OH, HAPPY, SLAP-HAPPY CHOPS!!

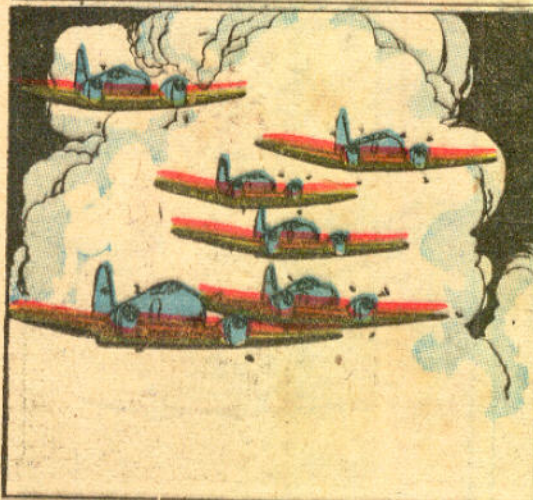
WILL YA LOOK AT CHOP!! THAT MUST BE HIS GIRL FRIEND FROM CHINA HE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT!!



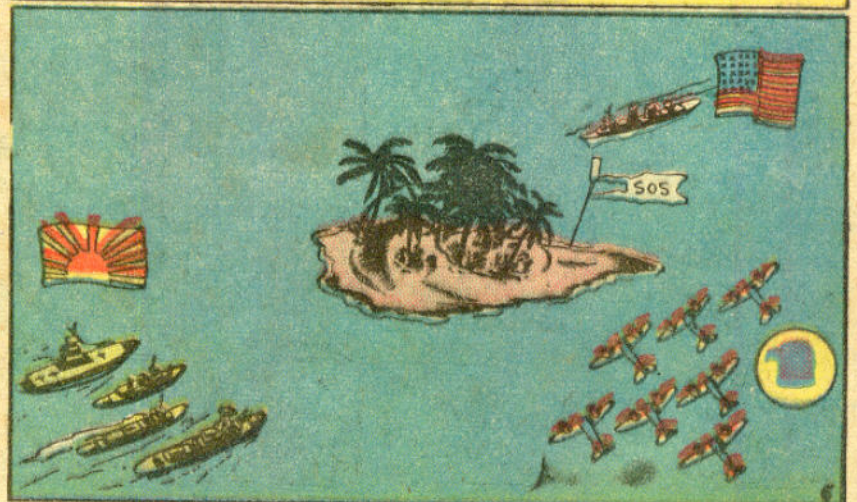
AND A LITTLE TO THE SOUTH, A UNIT OF THE IMPERIAL FLEET, UNDER ORDERS FROM BERLIN, SCOURS THE AREA FOR THE HELPLESS REFUGEES IN ORDER TO MASSACRE THEM. AS AN OBJECT LESSON...



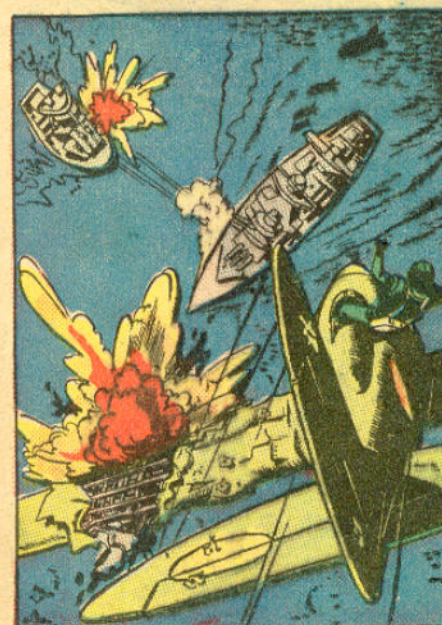
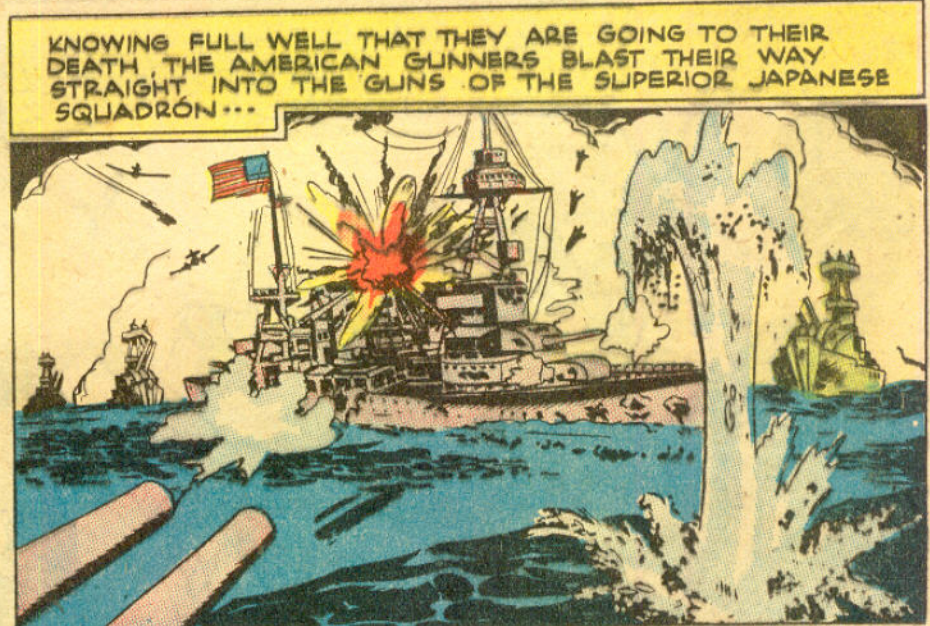
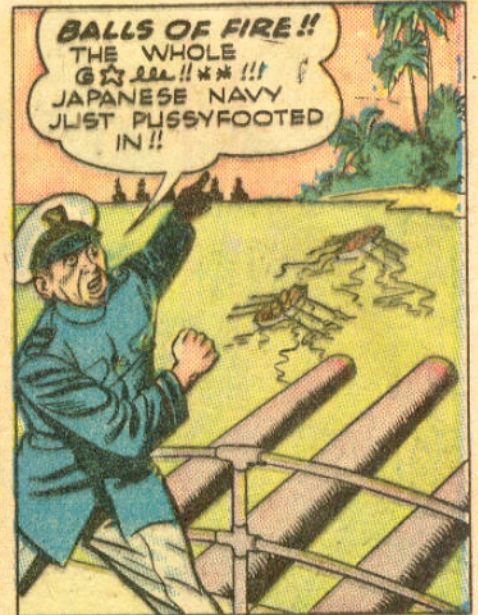
...AND ON THE LAST LEG OF THEIR MAD DASH THE Black-hawks COME ROARING DOWN THE STRETCH...



THUS... FROM THREE DIRECTIONS COME THREE MILITARY UNITS... ALL CONVERGING ON ONE SPOT... AND AS THE SUN SINKS LOWER, THUNDER RUMBLES IN THE EAST... HARBINGER OF IMPENDING DOOM...





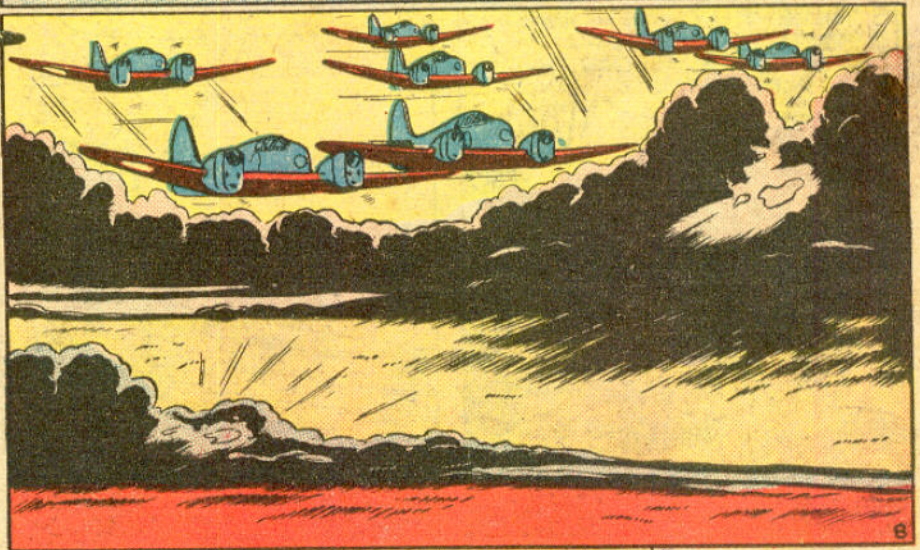




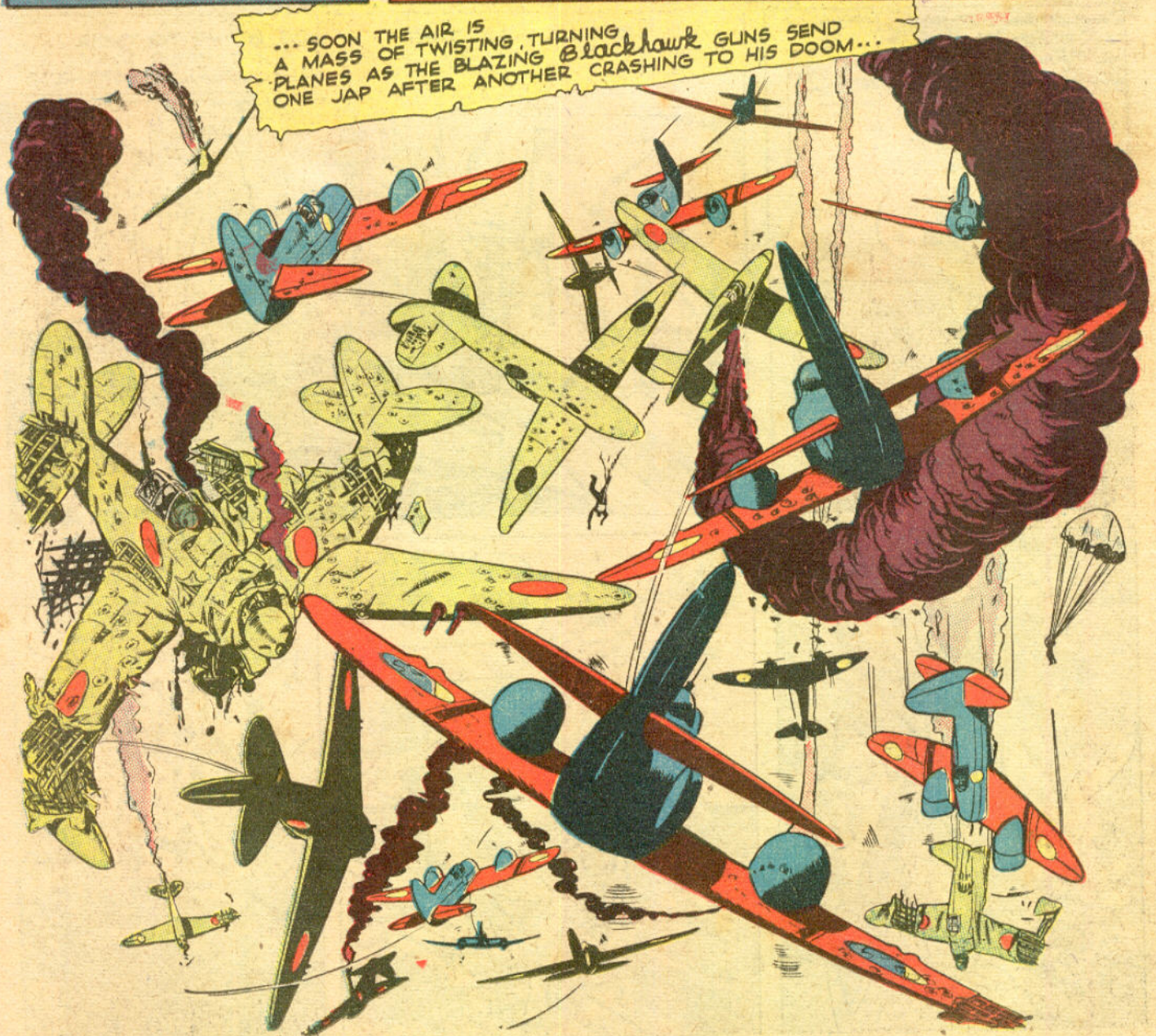
**BOILING VOLCANOES!!**  
WE'RE DONE FOR  
UNLESS WE GET  
HELP!!



SUDDENLY, A THUNDERBOLT STRIKES FROM THE SOUTH, AND THE  
*Blackhawks* HURTLE INTO THE FRAY!!

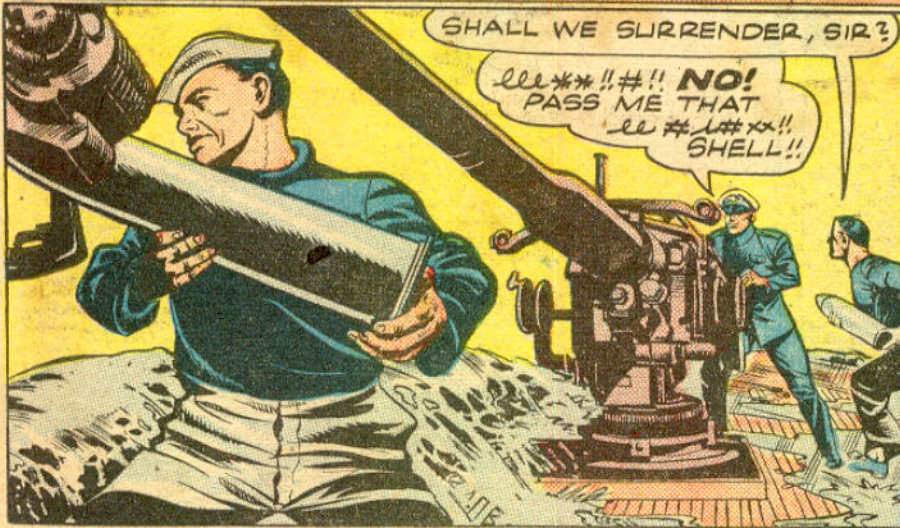


... SOON THE AIR IS  
A MASS OF TWISTING, TURNING  
PLANES AS THE BLAZING *Blackhawk* GUNS SEND  
ONE JAP AFTER ANOTHER CRASHING TO HIS DOOM...





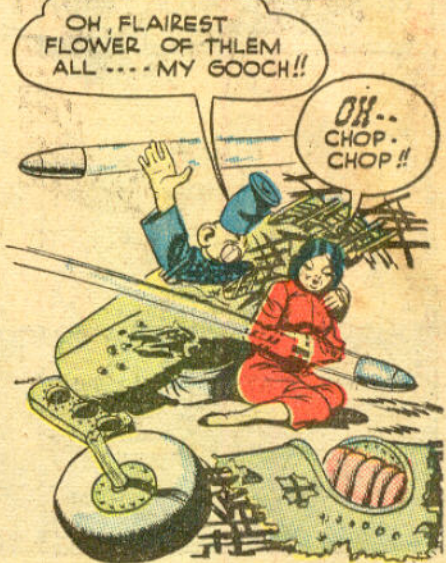
MEANWHILE, BELOW --- THE GALLANT CREW OF THE "EL PASO" FACES CERTAIN DEATH, AS THEIR SHIP, NO LONGER ABLE TO NAVIGATE, FLOUNDERS ALONG WITH DECKS AWASH ---



SHALL WE SURRENDER, SIR?

lee\*\*!!#!! **NO!**  
PASS ME THAT  
lee #A#xx!!  
**SHELL!!**

AND ON THE ISLE ---



OH, FLAIREST  
FLOWER OF THEM  
ALL --- MY GOOCH!!

OH..  
CHOP..  
CHOP!!

BREATH OF THE OCTOPUS!!  
HOW CAN THOSE FOOLS  
KEEP FIGHTING ?!! THEY'VE  
ALREADY SUNK FOUR OF  
OUR VESSELS !! IT'S  
**INCREDIBLE !!**

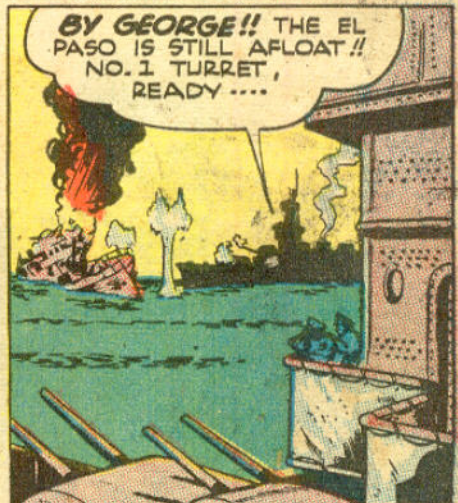


PERHAPS  
WE HAD  
BETTER  
WITHDRAW ??

OH, NO!!  
HERR CAPTAIN  
VON SCHMOOTZ  
WOULD NEVER  
PERMIT IT !!

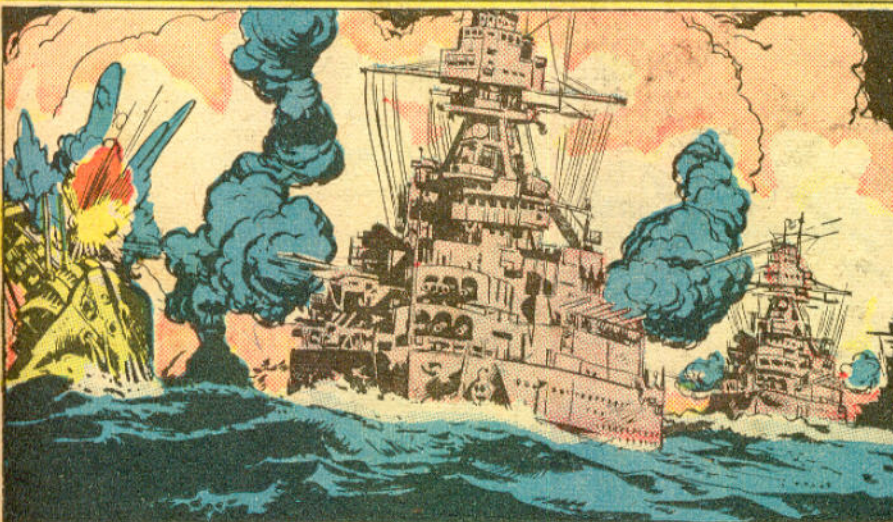


SUDDENLY, UNNOTICED IN THE  
CONFUSION, THE UNITED  
STATES FLEET STEAMS  
ONTO THE SCENE ---



**BY GEORGE!!** THE EL  
PASO IS STILL AFLOAT!!  
NO. 1 TURRET,  
READY ---

BROADSIDE AFTER BROADSIDE IS POUNDED INTO THE JAP  
FLEET --- AND AS THE *Blackhawks* CLEAR THE SKIES,  
VICTORY IS ASSURED ---



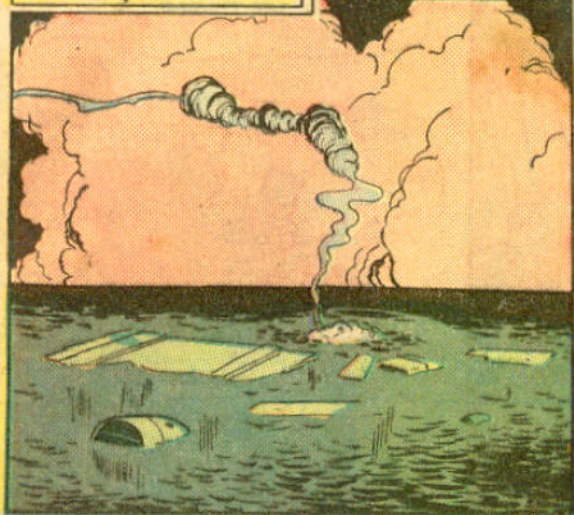
--- BUT TOO LATE --- FOR THE  
EL PASO SLIPS QUIETLY TO  
HER GRAVE --- WITH HER  
COMMANDER STILL LOADING  
THE LAST REMAINING GUN ---



CRRL !!\*\*x\*?# @x\*  
PASS ME THAT SHELL...  
\*\*!!#x\*ll...!!



IN A SHORT WHILE, THE SEA IS CALM...AND FLOATING DEBRIS IS THE ONLY REMINDER OF THE ONCE PROUD JAPANESE SQUADRON ----



THE REFUGEES ARE BROUGHT ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP ---



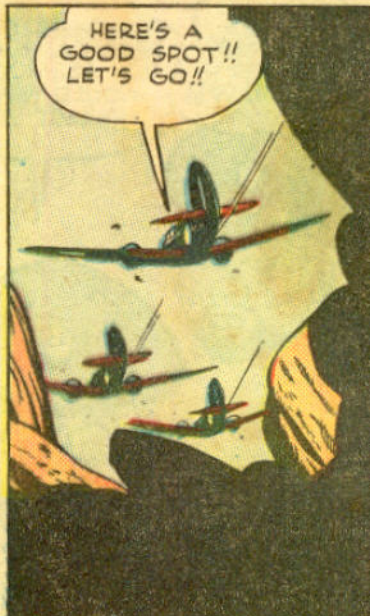
...AND A WREATH MADE BY THE GRATEFUL CIVILIANS IS TOSSED OVER THE GRAVE OF THE "EL PASO" ---



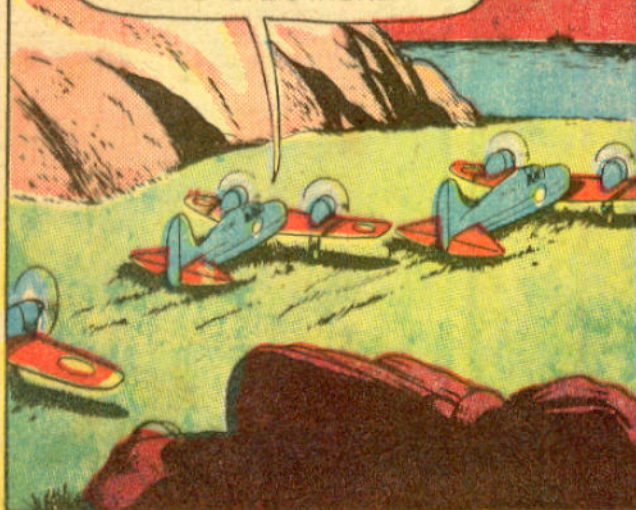
MEANWHILE...THE *Blackhawks* CRUISE LOW...SEARCHING FOR A SUITABLE BASE OF OPERATIONS...



HERE'S A GOOD SPOT!! LET'S GO!!



WELL, FELLAS... LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND...PERHAPS WE CAN USE THIS ISLAND AS A BASE FOR PACIFIC OPERATIONS ----



LISTEN!! WHAT'S THAT??



FASTER, YOU FOOLS!! THE LEADER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!!

ME... ROCCO NICCOLA CARLO PIETRO DI GUINZABALO, REPRESENTATIVE OF IL DUCE I THINK...

SHADDAP!!







WELL, WELL...  
IF IT ISN'T MY  
FRIEND, VON  
SCHMOOTZ!!!  
PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS!!

**BLACKHAWK!!**



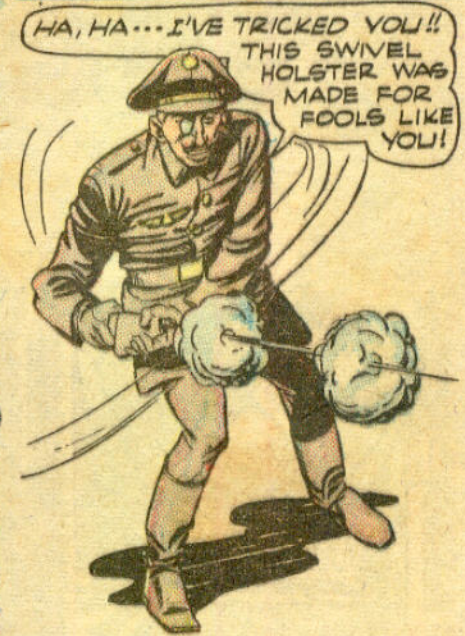
**BAH!** YOU ALWAYS STRIKE  
FROM AMBUSH!! YOU  
RATS NEVER GIVE YOUR  
VICTIMS A CHANCE!! WHY  
IF I COULD GET  
MY GUN...



**SO THAT'S IT!!**  
TURN HIM LOOSE!!



GO AHEAD,  
VON SCHMOOTZ!!  
**DRAW!!!**



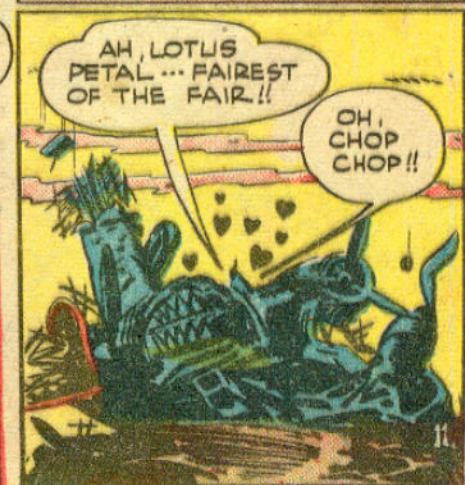
**HA, HA... I'VE TRICKED YOU!!**  
THIS SWIVEL  
HOLSTER WAS  
MADE FOR  
FOOLS LIKE  
YOU!



**SAY!!** THOSE OTHERS  
ESCAPED!! THIS  
ISLAND IS  
WORTHLESS  
WITH THEM  
AT LARGE!!

BUT  
DEY  
ARE  
NOT  
AT  
LARGE!!  
I YOOST  
HAVE A  
LITTLE "CHAT"  
WITH THEM!!

THUS, ANOTHER ADVENTURE IS  
BROUGHT TO A CLOSE ....  
BUT WAIT ... WHAT'S THIS  
ON THAT LITTLE REFUGEE  
ISLAND ???



**AH, LOTUS  
PETAL ... FAIREST  
OF THE FAIR!!**

**OH,  
CHOP  
CHOP!!**

Watch for the next sensational episode of Blackhawk.



# The SNIPER

"THE LAST OF OBERGAST"

I AM THE **SNIPER** AND I HUNT THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL GAME... **MAN!** BUT COME WITH ME AS I TRACK DOWN AND DESTROY CAPTAIN **OBERGAST**... AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF THE TRUTH OF THE CHARGES AGAINST ME !!

GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS IN OCCUPIED FRANCE..

CAPTAIN OBERGAST... THE PRISONERS FOR QUESTIONING !!

AH!

FRAULEIN COLLINS, I BELIEVE... YOU ARE AN AMERICAN ?

Y..YES!!

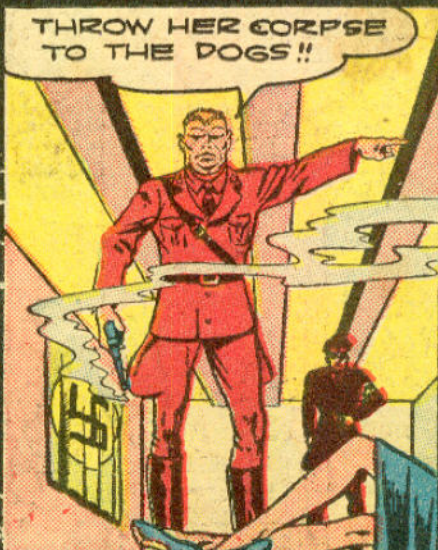
THUS WILL ALL AMERICA FALL TO US !!

THIS IS FOR BEING A YANKEE PIG !!

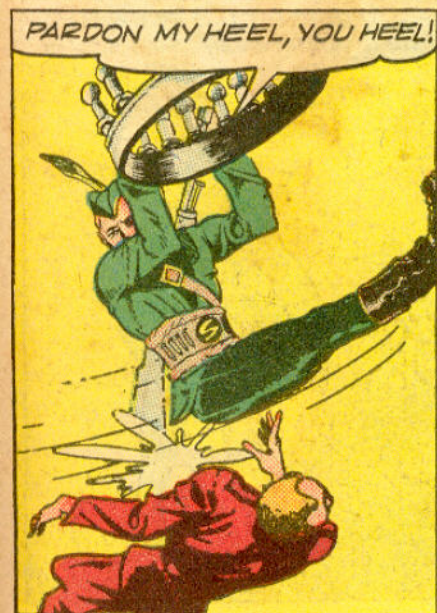
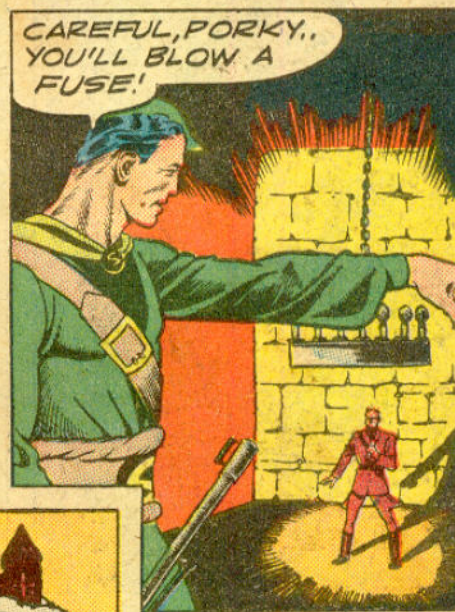
O..OH!!

THROW HER CORPSE TO THE DOGS !!

FOR KILLING THIS MAN... AND OTHERS LIKE HIM... THE AXIS CALLS ME A MURDERER! BUT COME, THE HUNT HAS SCARCE BEGUN !!!













INFURIATED, THE NAZIS CRASH FORWARD.. UNAWARE OF THE SHARPENED STAKE IN THEIR PATH..



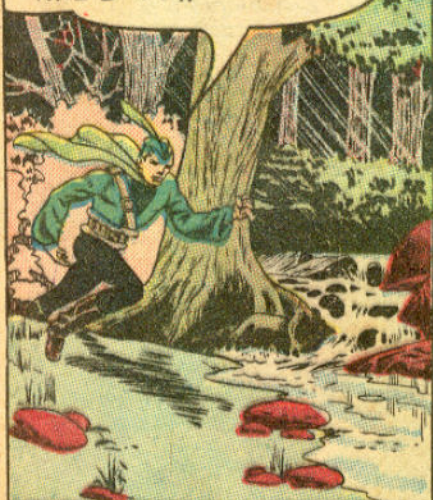
GAAAAA!!!!!!

PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER USE SEARCHLIGHTS AND PROCEED MORE..ER... SLOWLY, YAH?



Y..YAH!

I'LL LEAVE A PERFECT TRAIL STRAIGHT TO THE CAVERNS! THEY CAN'T MISS IT!!



AND NOT FAR BEHIND, COME THE GESTAPO WOLVES... MOVING IN FOR THE KILL...

SEE...HE WENT THIS WAY!!



HE IS HEADED FOR THE GREAT CAVES... HAH! FROM THEM, THERE IS NO WAY OUT!!



SPREAD OUT AND SEARCH EVERY INCH OF SPACE !!



SOONER OR LATER, THE SNIPER WILL GO UP A DEAD END...



BANG! AND WHEN HE DOES.. ULP!!





DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CAVERNS, RACES THE SNIPER..

WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY 'ROUND THIS TURN...



COMPLETELY LOST IN THE ENDLESS TUNNELS, THE NAZIS DASH MADLY IN PURSUIT OF THE SNIPER... SUDDENLY...



HIMMEL!!

WUFF!

LOOK OUT!

QUICKSAND!!

HALP!!

SAVE ME!!

YAAAAA



ACH! HORRIBLE! P-PROCEED M-MORE C-C-CAREFULLY!!



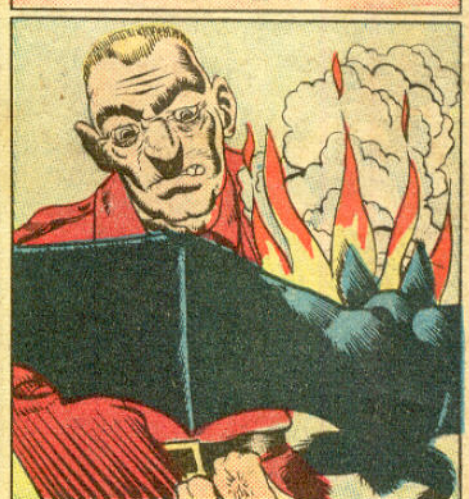
SUDDENLY, FROM THE INNER RECESSES OF THE CAVES, HUGE, BLACK SHAPES APPEAR..



YAAAAA!! CAVE BATS! WATCH OUT FOR THE LIGHTS!!



ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHTS, THE GREAT BATS SMASH THEM.. LEAVING THE NAZIS IN DARKNESS..



THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED! NOW FOR THE GRAND FINALE!!



ACH! YOU CANNOT SEE TWO FEET IN FRONT OF... ULP!!



BANG! BANG!

CLICK! CLICK!

HE IS OUT OF AMMUNITION.. SEIZE HIM QUICKLY.. HE IS OUR ONLY HOPE TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE..





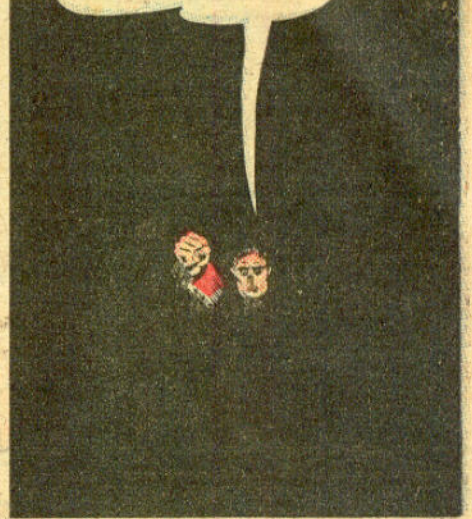
THE NAZIS DASH FORWARD, UNAWARE OF THE CHASM IN THEIR PATH.. SUDDENLY...



YOU FIEND! YOU TRICKED US! YOU'VE DESTROYED MY ENTIRE COMMAND!!



WHERE ARE YOU?!! C★!! C THIS DARKNESS!! SPEAK!! BLAST YOU!!



CAPTAIN OBERGAST...!! THIS IS YOUR PUNISHMENT.. ALONE IN THIS BLACKNESS YOU WILL LIVE AND DIE, FOR ONLY I KNOW THE WAY OUT..



NO, NO! DON'T LEAVE ME! I AM AFRAID OF DARKNESS! I AM AFRAID OF... DEATH!



GULP! HE'S GONE! GONE! AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF MATCHES.. BETWEEN ME AND THIS AWFUL DARKNESS! LIGHT, I MUST HAVE LIGHT!!



NO LONGER WILL OBERGAST AND HIS BUTCHERS SLAUGHTER INNOCENT CIVILIANS! BUT THERE ARE OTHERS, AND MY WORK GOES ON...



I COULD HAVE KILLED OBERGAST IN HIS CASTLE, BUT THAT WOULD HAVE LEFT INTACT, AN EFFICIENT ORGANIZATION OF TORTURERS, MURDERERS, AND HALF-HUMAN BEASTS.. I HAD TO DISPOSE OF THEM ALL.. AND MURDERER OR NOT, I WILL NEVER REST WHILE FIENDS LIKE OBERGAST STILL PREY ON HELPLESS HUMANITY!

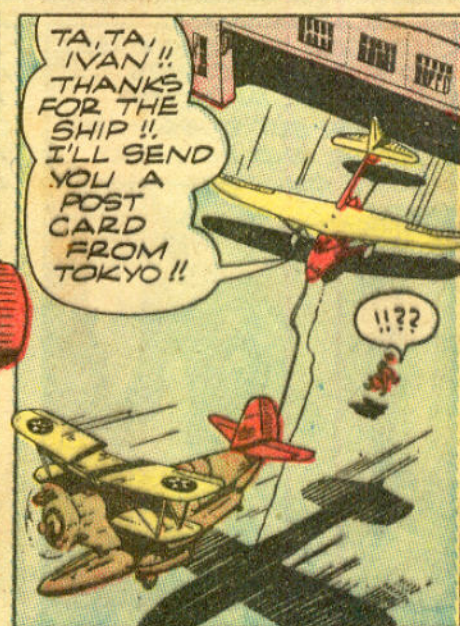
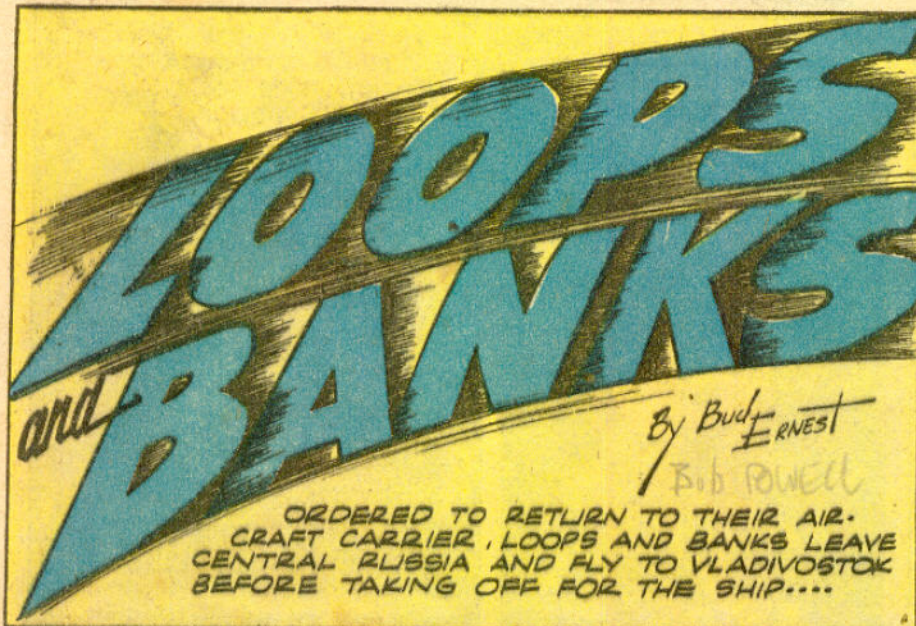


AND LOST IN THE GREAT CAVES, SITS A WARNING TO THE REST OF HIS KIND... WAITING, WAITING FOR THE LAST RAY OF LIGHT TO GO OUT,....



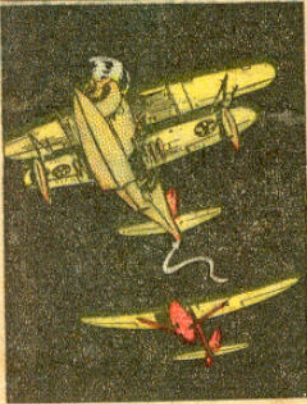
Follow the adventures of The Sniper in the next issue of MILITARY COMICS.







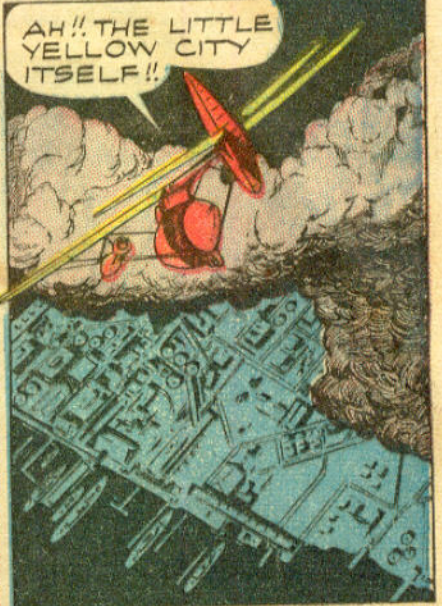
SEVERAL HOURS LATER LOOPS CLIMBS TO 30,000 FEET ..WAGGLES HIS WINGS AND RELEASES BOMBS IN THE GLIDER...



GIVE 'EM, YOU KNOW WHAT, KID!!



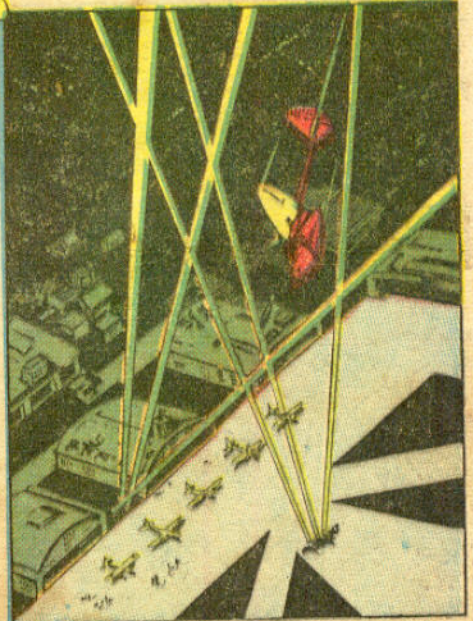
AH!! THE LITTLE YELLOW CITY ITSELF!!



HECK, I CAN'T MAKE OUT A THING..I NEED LIGHT... THESE INCENDIARIES WILL HELP!!



HO,HO!! IT WORKED! WELL.. IF IT ISN'T THE AIRPORT!!



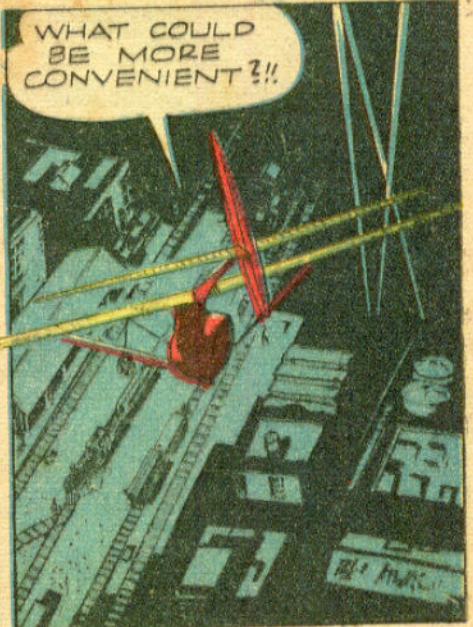
WELL..IT WAS THE AIRPORT!! BOY... THIS IS SWEET PICKIN'!!



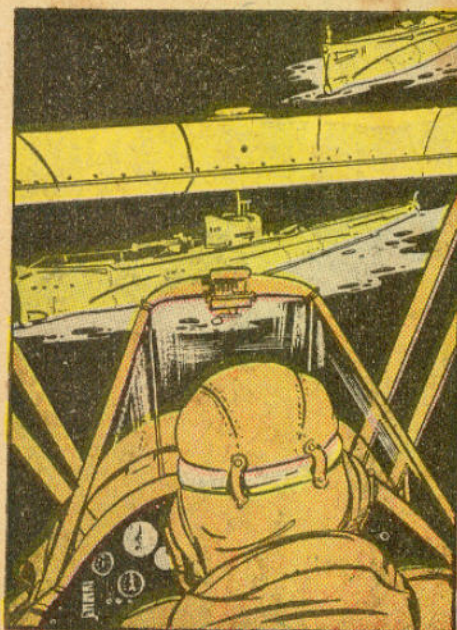
ONE MORE BOMB!! WHAT TO DO WITH IT?!! HEL-LO ... LOOKS LIKE A RAILROAD JUNCTION ...AND OIL TANKS!!



WHAT COULD BE MORE CONVENIENT?!!

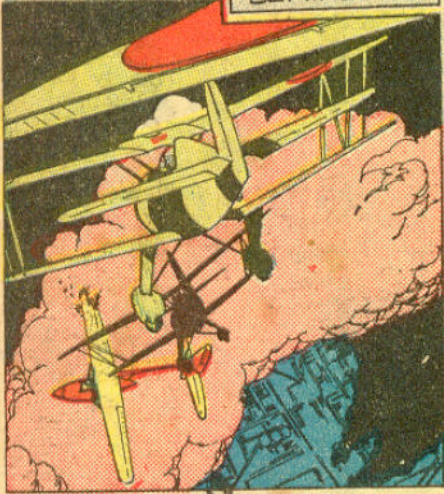








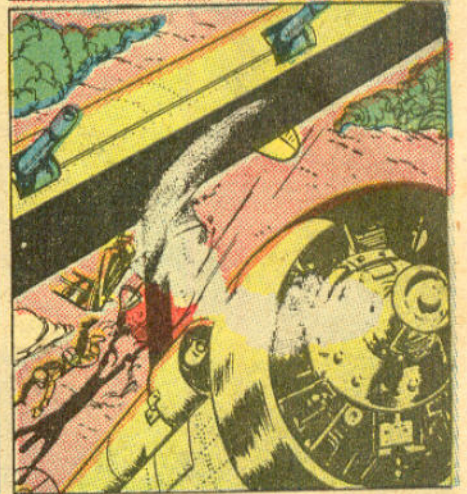
MEANWHILE, BANKS HAS HIS HANDS FULL, FOR A FLIGHT OF JAPANESE PURSUITS ATTACK FROM BEHIND...



HELPLESS, HE WATCHES HIS FRAIL SHIP METHODICALLY RIPPED TO PIECES... QUICKLY, HE DIVES....



GETTING BEYOND THE MANEUVERABLE RANGE OF THE PLANES HE GLIDES TO A BUMPY LANDING..



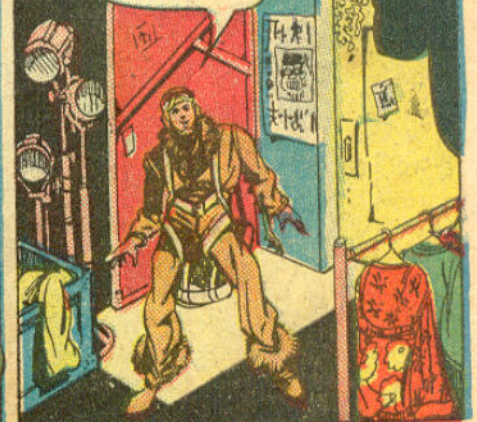
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA COME OUT OF THIS DEAD..OH'OH! VISITORS!!



THEY'VE SPOTTED THE WRECK! I BETTER DUCK IN HERE!



WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW!! A JAP THEATRE COSTUMES, WIGS AND ALL!!! HOT DOGS! HERE'S WHERE I BECOME A GEISHA GIRL!!



アハハハ!!

MMHMPH!! TEE'HEE!! YOU BIG APES..



WHAT A BUNCH OF APES, HA!! NOW TO GET TO THE DOCKS!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ON THE WATER-FRONT..



O.K., LEMON-FACE... MARCH!! BANZAI, KID.. HIT THE ROAD!!





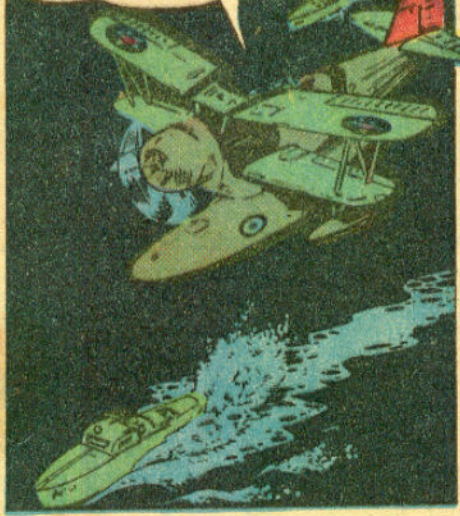




PUSHING THE THROTTLE DOWN TO THE FLOOR, AND CLOSING HIS EYES BANKS ZOOMS THROUGH THE SCATTERING BOATS ...



ONLY ONE GUY WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO THAT!!



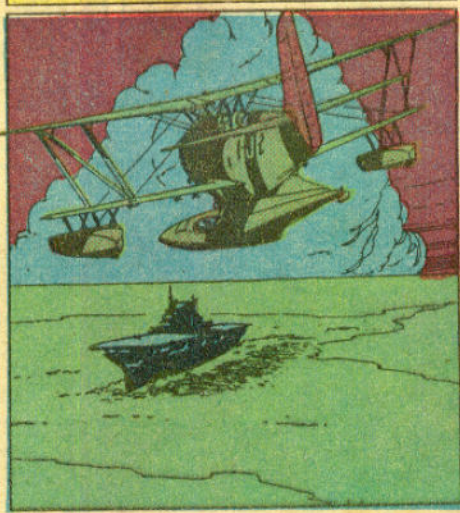
IT'S A GOOD THING I SAW THIS!! WELL, WELL... HAVEN'T WE GOT ON A PRETTY DRESS?!!



WHEW!! MY, MY -- "JACK DALTON" -- YOU CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME! HOW'D YOU KNOW IT WAS ME? I ASKED A PASSING PELICAN, NUMBSKULL! COME ON... WE GOTTA MAKE TRACKS!!



AT DAWN, THE NEXT MORNING LOOPS MEETS THE CARRIER AT THE APPOINTED RENDEZVOUS.



OH, BOY, LOOPS... I BETCHA I GET A MEDAL OR SOMETHIN' FOR BOMBIN' TOKYO! JUST WATCH!!



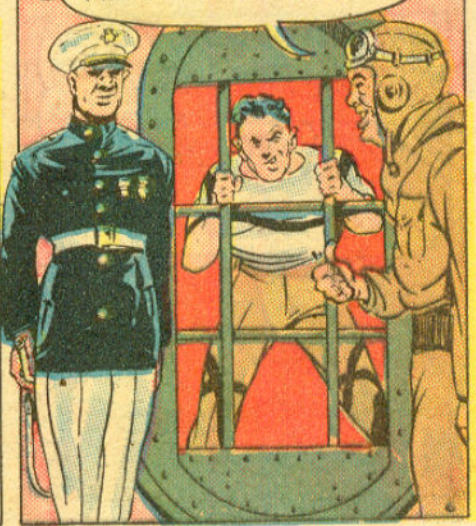
WELL!! THAT'S A SNAPPY OUTFIT YOU HAVE ON!! WHERE'D YOU GET IT, LIEUTENANT? --IN TOKYO?!!

YES, SIR!! YOU SEE--

THIS IS HARDLY A TIME TO JOKE!! ...PERHAPS A FEW DAYS IN THE BRIG WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THAT!!



--AN IF HE TALKS ABOUT HOW HE BOMBED TOKYO, JUST HUMOR HIM ALONG-- HE'S HARMLESS!!



Fly again with Loops And Banks in the next issue of MILITARY COMICS.



By Nordling

YES, SHOT AND SHELL,  
WE KNOW FULL WELL,  
ARE IN A JAM AGAIN...  
YET COLONEL SAM,  
THE GREAT "I AM",  
RELIES UPON HIS SPEECH  
TO DELIVER HIM  
AND YOUNG FRIEND, SLIM,  
FROM A DARK AND ALIEN DEN,  
WHERE NAZI BARS  
AND THE HAND OF MARS  
KEEP FREEDOM OUT OF REACH.

SO! GEN. MUTZ IS DEAD!

BANG

ACH, OUR LEADER IS  
STILL DEPRESSED..  
EXECUTIONS ARE  
DULL!

DO YOU BLAME  
HIM?... THE  
RUSSIAN  
REVERSES.. THE  
BRITISH AERIAL OFFENSE..  
COMMANDO RAIDS.. BALKAN  
GUERRILLA RESISTANCE.. MASS  
SABOTAGE... HIMMEL! THE  
FUTURE IS NOT ROSY...

WE WILL THINK OF  
SOMETHING MORE  
UPROARIOUS..  
LET US GO THROUGH  
OUR LIST OF  
IMPORTANT  
PRISONERS

AH! PROF. INVUTZ,  
INVENTOR OF  
MICROPLASM..

AND HERE..  
AN  
AMERICAN  
COLONEL OF  
SOME SORT WHOSE  
HUMILIATION MAY  
AMUSE OUR LEADER..

COL. SAM SHOT  
American

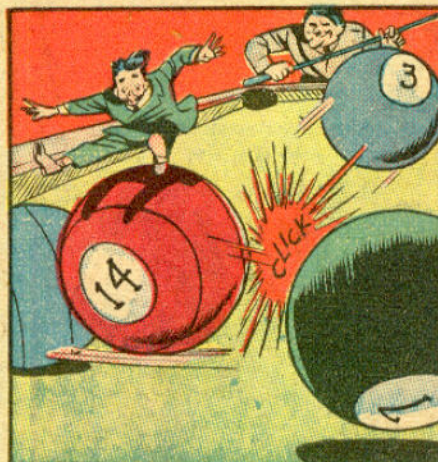
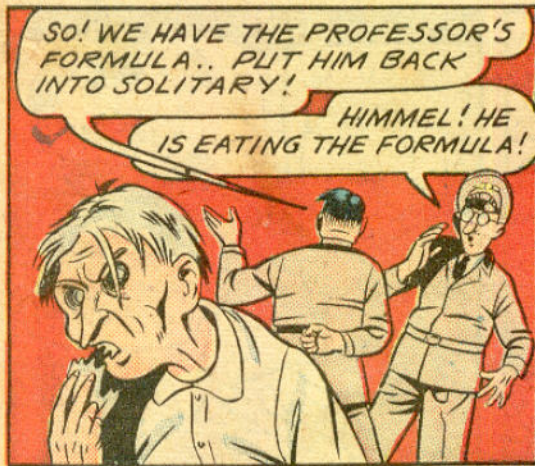
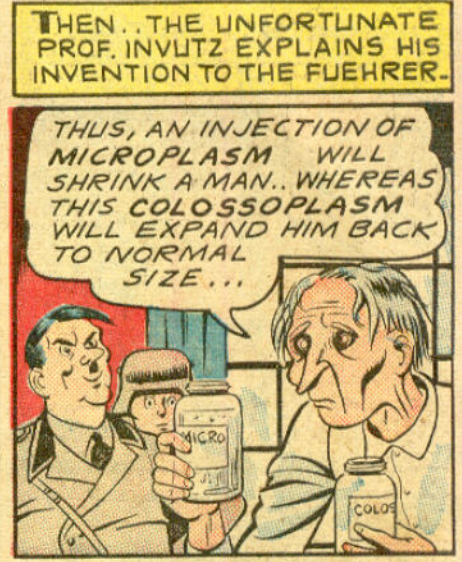
DER LITTLE VUN, COME!

AHEM! NOW I SHALL  
EMPLOY MY TALENTS  
TOWARD OUR EARLY  
RELEASE!

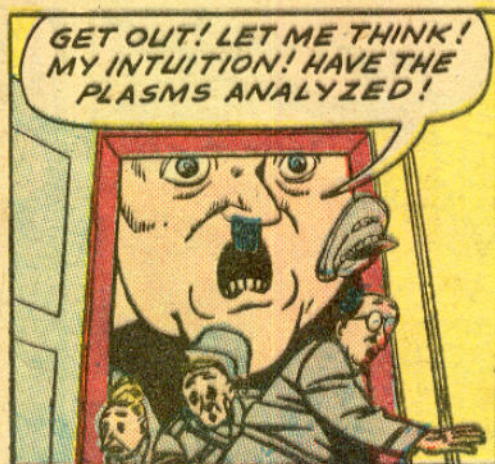
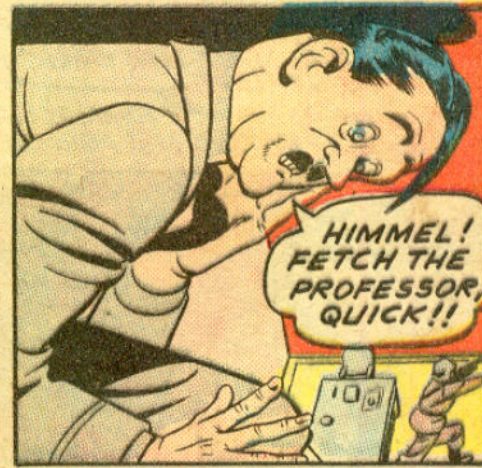
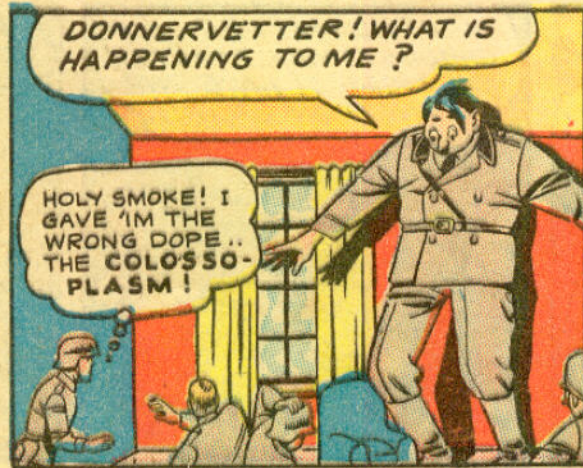
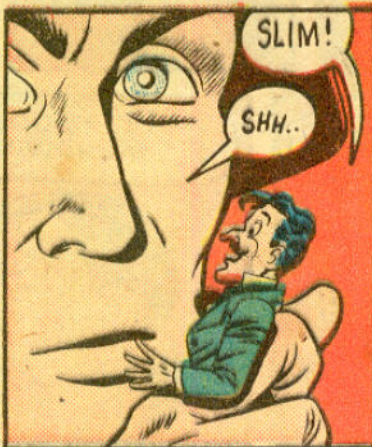
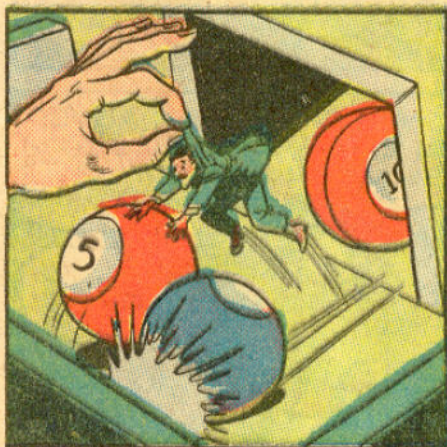
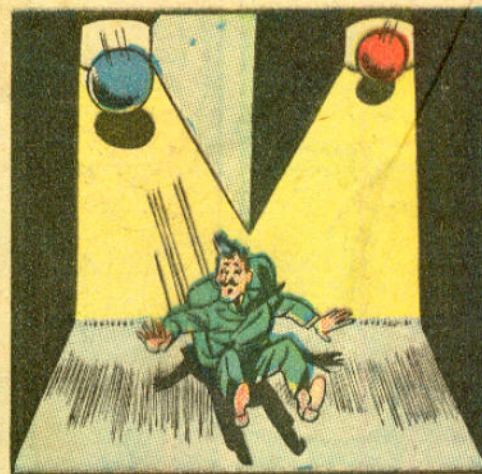
NOBODY'S  
GONNA OUT-  
SMART  
ME!

I AIN'T GONNA  
STAY IN HERE  
ALONE!

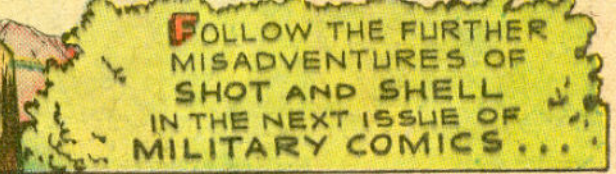
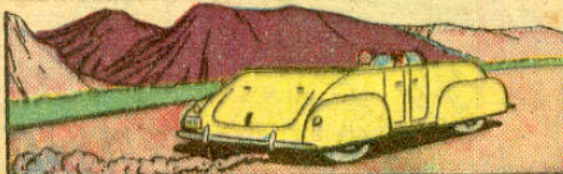
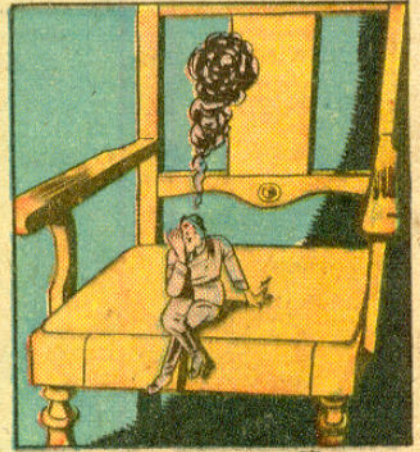
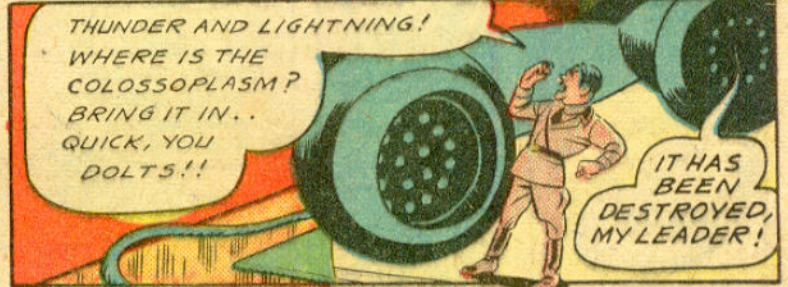
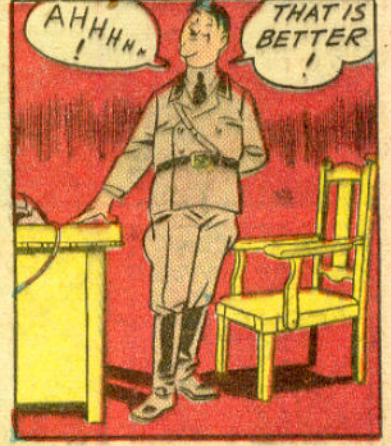
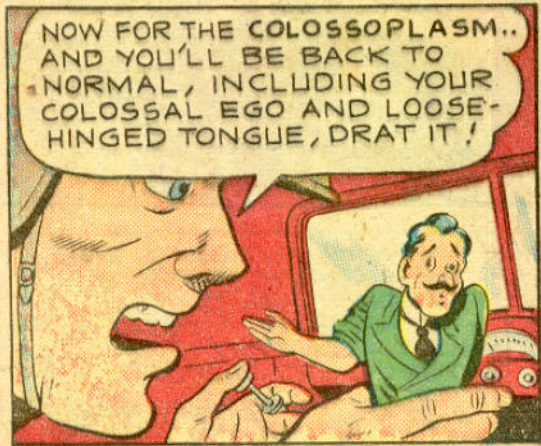
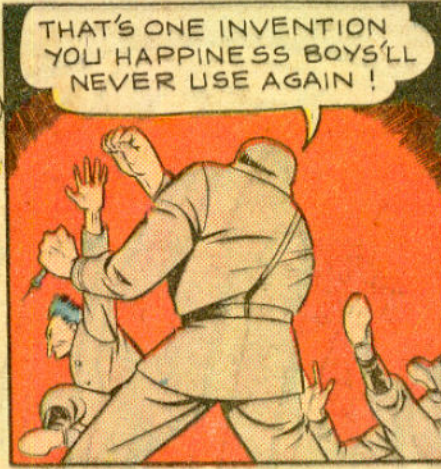




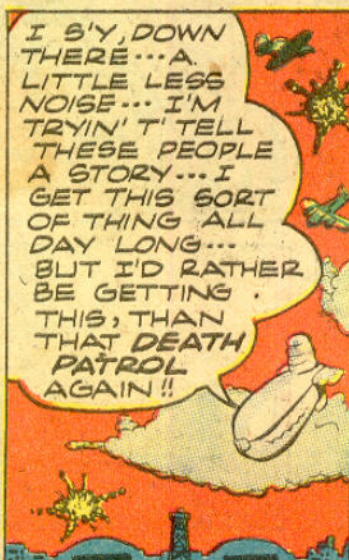
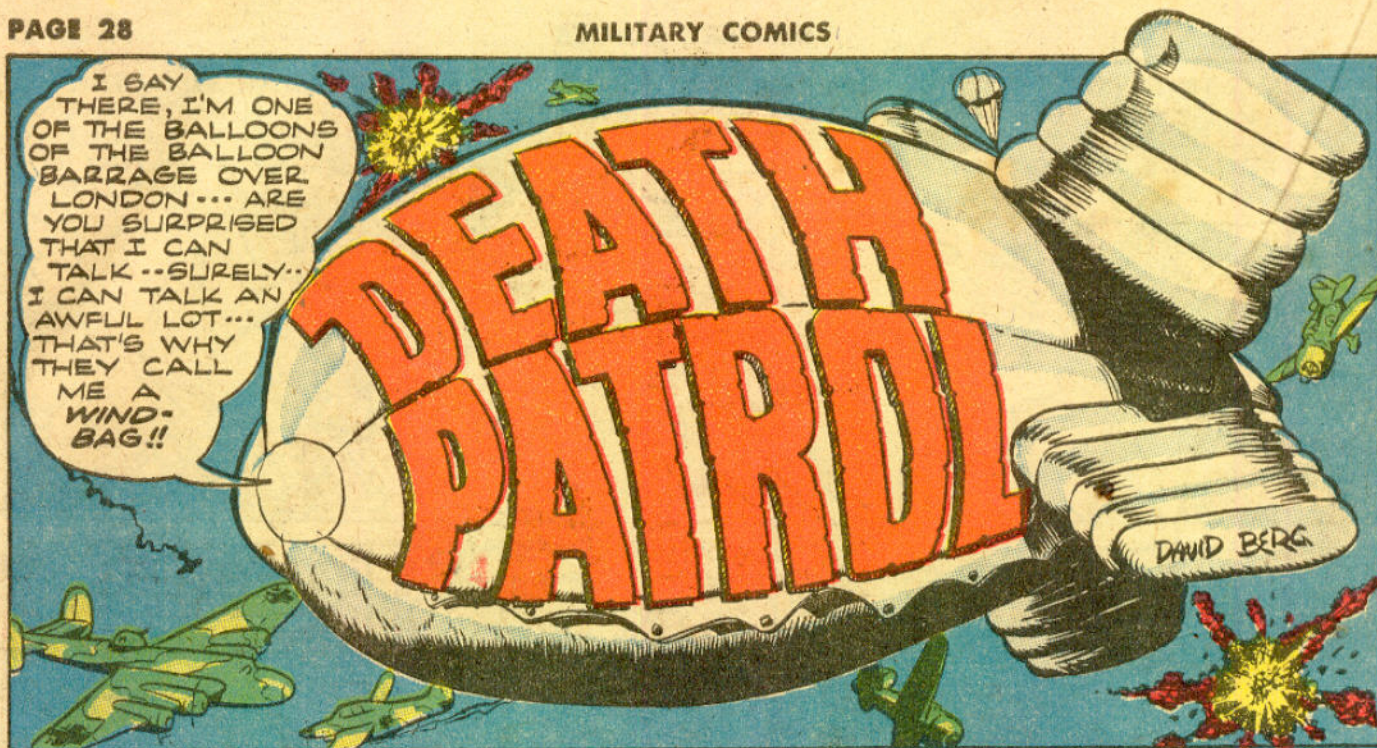












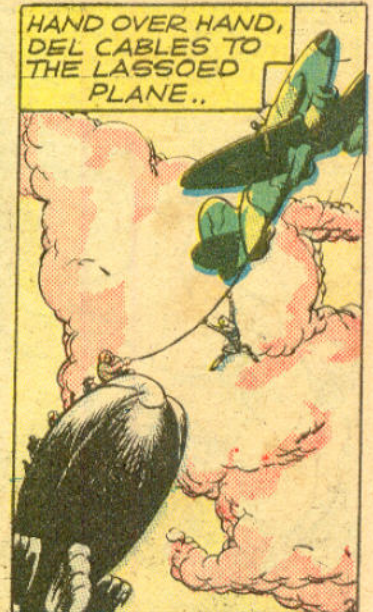
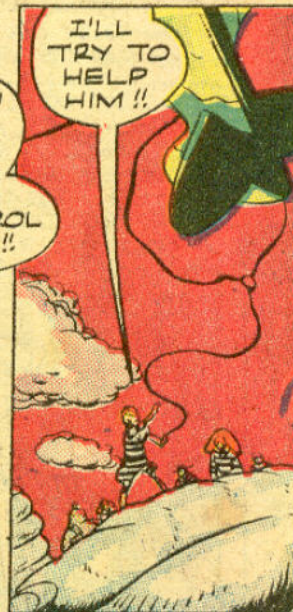
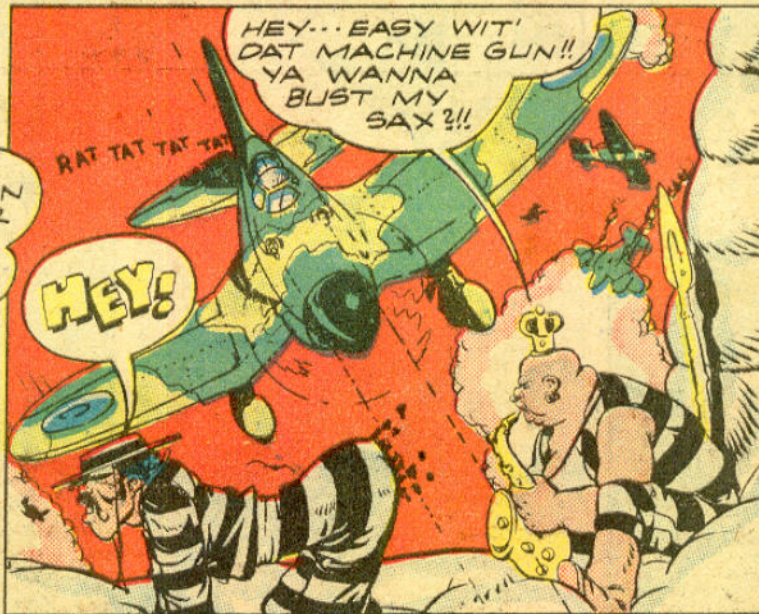




"AH LH..  
I KNEW  
WHAT  
WAS  
COMING,  
AND BE-  
FORE  
YOL C'N  
S'Y' GOD  
SYVE  
THE KING",  
THE  
BLIGHTERS  
WERE  
ASTRIDE  
ME...



"MEANWHILE, IN  
ONE OF THEM  
NAZI PLANES...



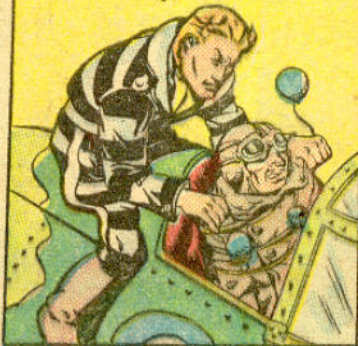


... BEFORE  
I C'N  
GATHER MY  
WITS, THIS  
DEL PER-  
SON IS ON  
THE DIS-  
ABLED  
SHIP...



...AND BEFORE I  
KNOWS IT, HE'S IN IT..

O.K., BUDDY...I'LL  
HAVE YOU OUT OF  
THIS IN A SEC....  
HEY!! WHAT'S  
THIS?!! A NAZI  
UNIFORM!!!



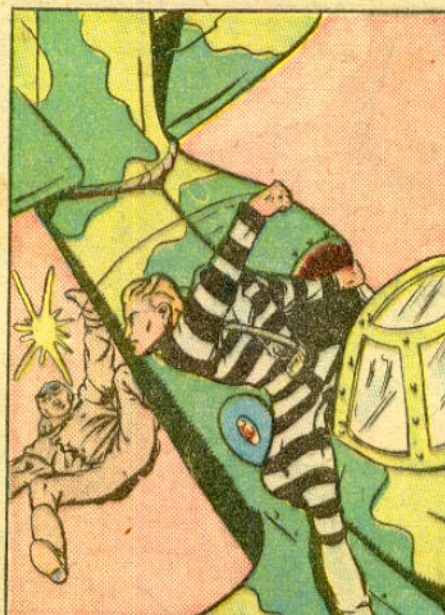
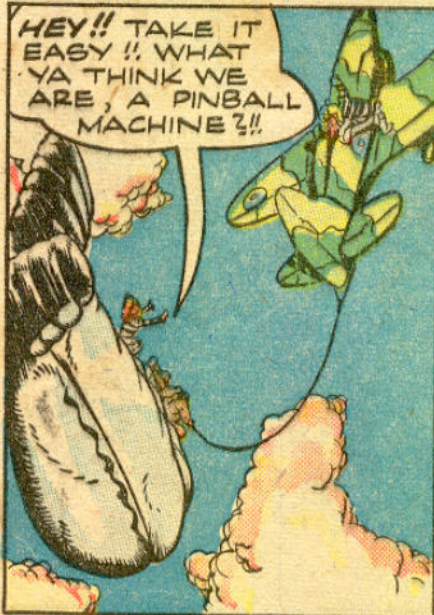
DOT ISS RIGHT...  
LIND TANK YOU,  
YOU AMERICAN  
PEES!!



NOW I'M  
BEGINNING  
TO CATCH  
ON TO  
A LOT  
OF  
THINGS!!



HEY!! TAKE IT  
EASY!! WHAT  
YA THINK WE  
ARE, A PINBALL  
MACHINE?!!

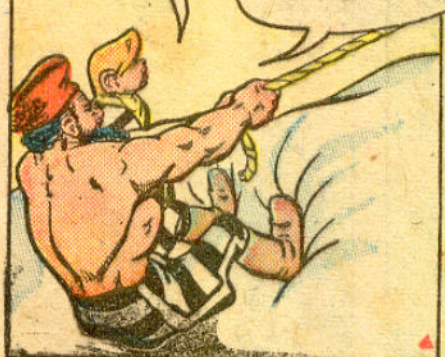


THAT'S A NICE LITTLE  
TRICK THEY HAVE!! THE  
NAZIS PUT ALLIED INSIGNIA  
ON THEIR PLANES!! ... LESS  
CHANCE OF GETTING  
SHOT DOWN!!!



D'JA SEE  
THAT? DEL  
KNOCKED OUT  
A NAZI FROM  
WHAT WE  
THOUGHT WAS  
AN ALLIED  
PLANE!!

THEN THEY  
WERE  
NAZSTIES  
PLANES  
WE SHOOT  
DOWNSKI  
YESTERDAY!  
COLONEL,  
HE GROUND  
US FOR IT!!

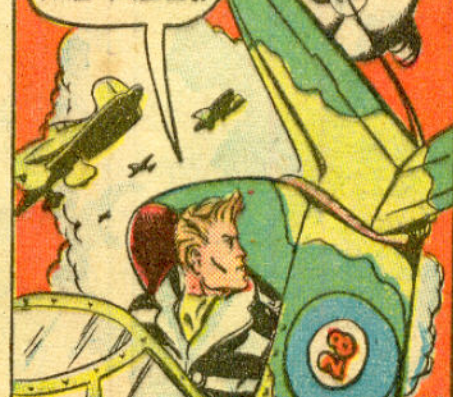


...AND IN ONE OF THE  
JERRY'S PLANES...

GOOT VERK, NUMBER  
28... YOU HAF CAP-  
TURED A BALLOON!!  
DER FUEHRER VILL  
BE PLEASED!! VE  
HAF ACCOMPLISHED  
OUR PURPOSE!!  
SQUADRUN, BACK  
TO DAR BASE!!

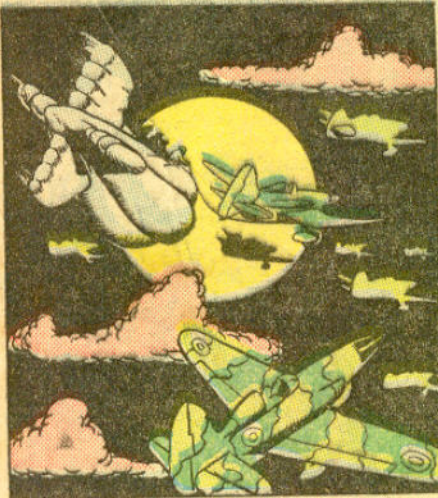


THEY THINK I'M ONE OF  
THEM AND THEY'RE  
HEADING BACK!  
O.K.... WE'RE  
COMING  
ALONG...  
JUST FOR  
THE RIDE!!





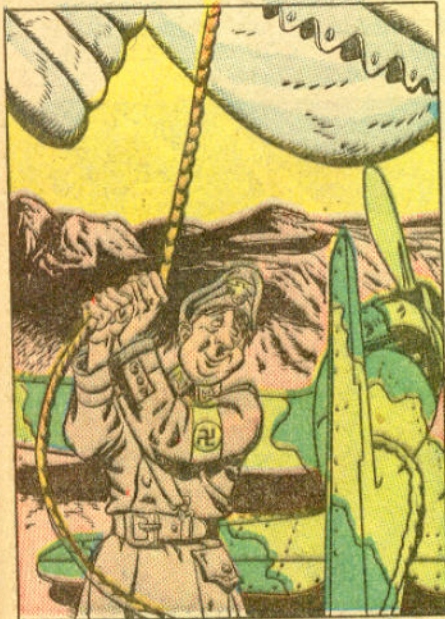
"JUST LIKE THAT, WITHOUT EVEN A WHY OR WHEREFORE ... WERE OFF TO NAZILAND...."



... AN WHEN WE GETS THERE, 'ITLER 'IMSELF IS THERE TO MEET US ... ONLY NOBODY SAW THE DEATH PATROL ON ME...



YOU HAF BROUGHT DE BALLOON! DAS IS GOOT! SINCE I VUZ A LIDDLE KNABE, I WANTED TO HOLD SLICH A BIG BALLOON!! HERE... LET ME HOLD IT!!

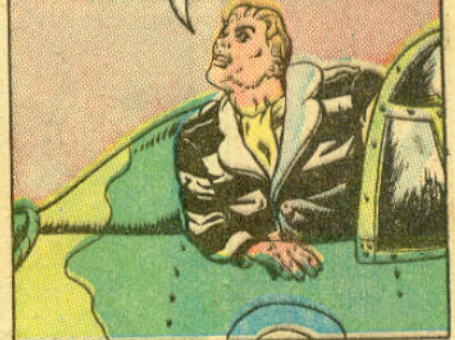


HERR HITLER, ALLIED BOMBERS ARE COMING!! SHOULD VE SHOOT NO, NO... DEM DOWN!! GO VAY... ZEY ARE CHUST OUR PLANES IN DISGUISE!!



... AS YET, NOBODY HAD DISCOVERED DEL'S REAL IDENTITY....

HOLY SMOKES, THOSE REALLY ARE ALLIED PLANES!! THEY'LL NEVER SEE THIS PLACE!! IT'S TOO WELL CAMOUFLAGED!!

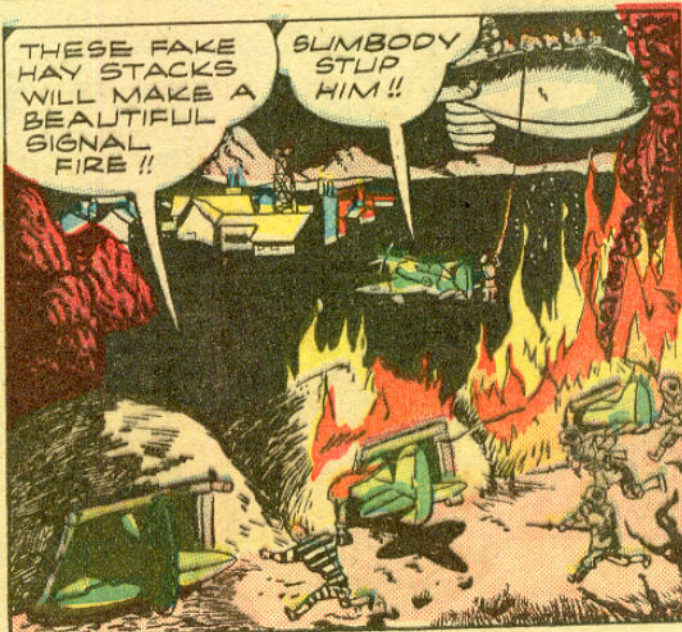


NOT UNLESS I DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!!

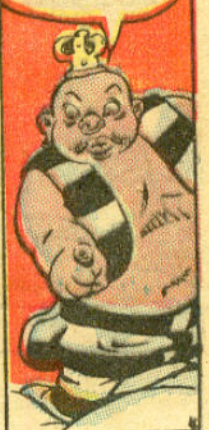


THESE FAKE HAY STACKS WILL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL SIGNAL FIRE!!

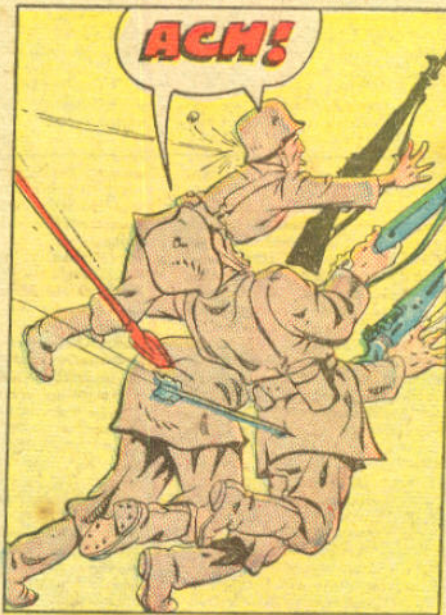
SUMBODY STUP HIM!!



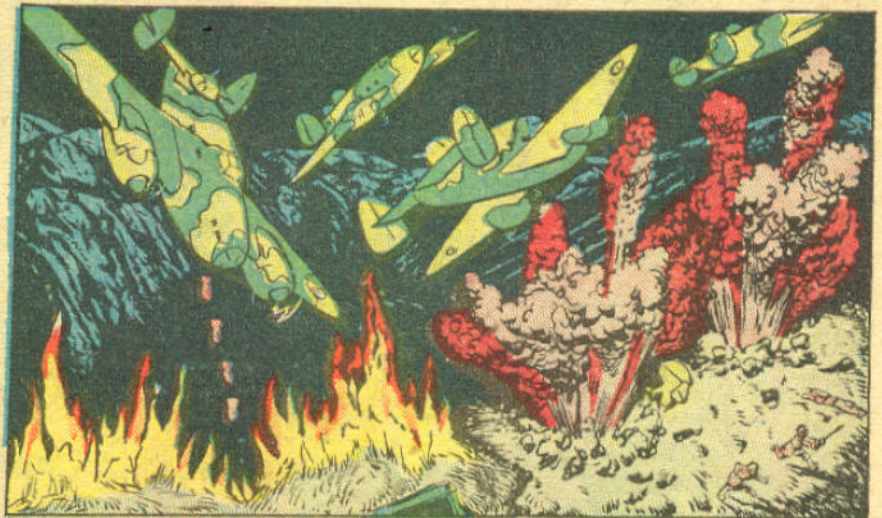
LOOK!!! DEL'S HAVING SOME TROUBLE!! LET'S HELP HIM OUT!!



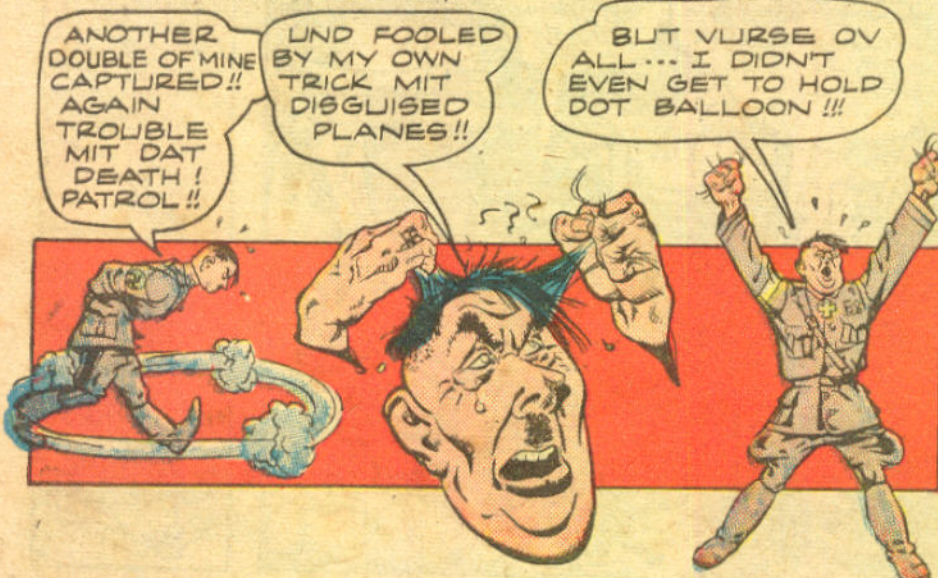




"--WITH THE AID OF THE SIGNAL THAT DEL SET OFF, THE ALLIED BOMBERS SUCCESSFULLY ANNIHILATED THE NAZI AIRDROME--"



...AND IN NAZI HEADQUARTERS...



Death Patrol comes to you in each issue of MILITARY COMICS.



# NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION AT SEA  
*Section 2.*

"AYE, ME HEARTIES, SHE LOOKS NOTHING MORE THAN AN OLD SAILING VESSEL. BUT IN HER HOLD ARE THE MOST POWERFUL TURBINES TO GIVE HER SPEED, AND BENEATH THAT SEAWASHED TIMBER, ARE THE FINEST PLATES OF STEEL, AND HIDDEN ON HER DECKS ARE THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE GUNS MAN COULD MAKE. SO, IT'S NO WONDER HER ENEMIES CALL HER THE PHANTOM CLIPPER...."





IN A SMALL PORT IN AUSTRALIA RESTS THE PHANTOM CLIPPER, AS HER CREW FILLS HER HOLD WITH SUPPLIES...



HEY, LIMEY, WHY DON'T YOU KEEP WORKING!

OH, BE QUIET, YOU! I'M READIN' ABOUT TEAGLY ISLAND AFTER MONTHS OF SIEGE BY THE BLOOMIN' JAPS!

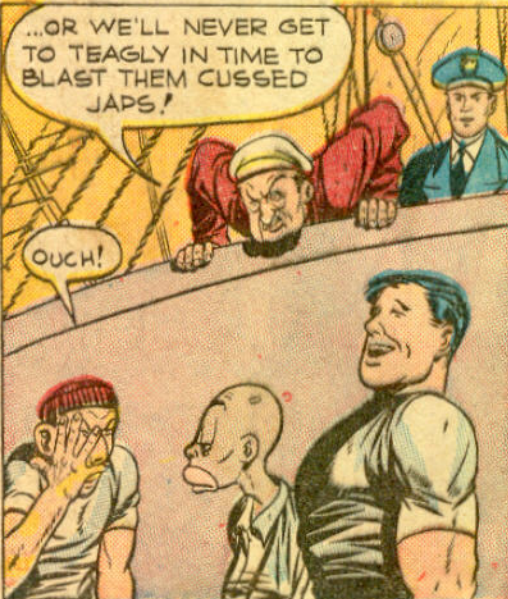
H'I WISH H'I 'AD THE CHANCE TO 'ELP THEM BOYS AT TEAGLY... THEY CONTROL THE WATERWAYS TO INDIA!

I'D SHOW 'EM!

HMPH!

WHEN SUDDENLY...

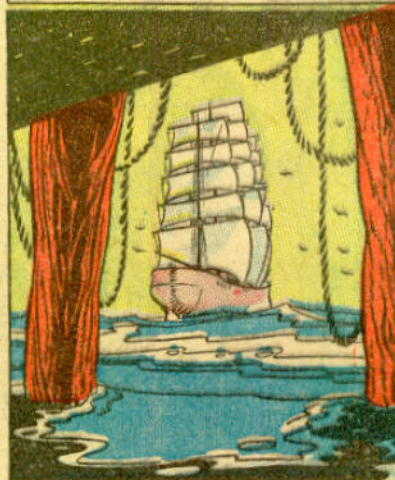
GALDERN, YE LAZY CRAWFISH! GET BUSY BREAKING YE BACK LOADING THAT CARGO, OR...



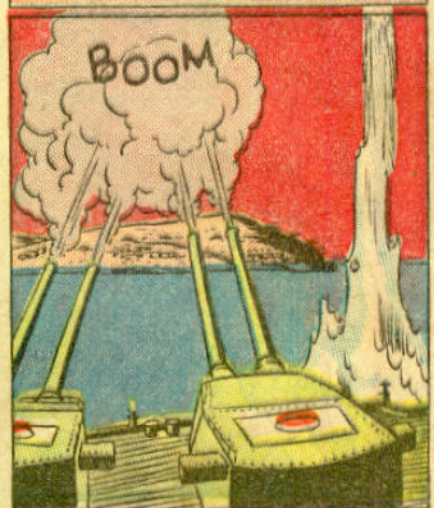
...OR WE'LL NEVER GET TO TEAGLY IN TIME TO BLAST THEM CUSS'D JAPS!

OUCH!

SOON THE PHANTOM CLIPPER SPEEDS OUT TO SEA AND HER DESTINATION .... TEAGLY ISLAND ...



...WHERE THE SMALL FORTIFICATIONS CONTINUE TO CHALLENGE THE "RISING SUN"...



TOJO, THIS BATTLE MUST END SOON OR I WILL FACE SHAME WITH THE EMPEROR!

NOW, PERHAPS YOU WILL LISTEN TO MY CUNNING PLAN! COME IN-TO THE CHART ROOM AND I'LL EXPLAIN!



WHAT IS THIS PICTURE?

IT IS KNOWN TO OUR ENEMIES AS A SHIP THAT SAILS IN THEIR COLORS THE SHIP WE DREAD AND FEAR, THE PHANTOM CLIPPER!



PUT ME IN COMMAND OF A COMPANY OF MEN, AND IN A FEW DAYS I WILL HAVE A SHIP WHO'S OUTWARD APPEARANCE IS THAT OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER!

SPEAK NO MORE, TOJO! I UNDERSTAND!







AND WHERE ONCE WERE THE JAPS, NOW SAILS ANOTHER SHIP...



AND AS THE CLIPPER DRAWS NEAR, ITS GUNS OPEN FIRE ON THE DEFENDERS...



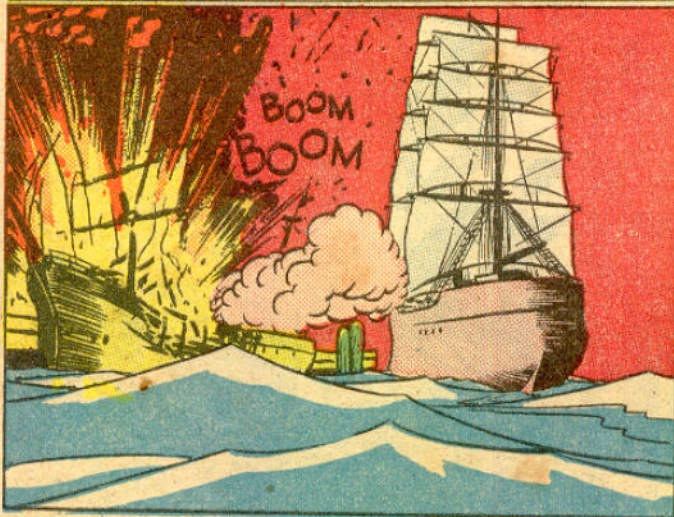
AND LIKE SO MANY RATS, THE JAPS POUR OFF THE SHIP...







INTO THE HARBOR SAILS THE PHANTOM CLIPPER, HER GUNS SMASHING THE JAPS...







TIGER AND HIS MEN CHASE THE FLEEING JAPS, AND BLINDLY FALL INTO A TRAP...







HALT! YOU INFIDEL!

I WANT TO PRAY TO ALLAH... TO PUNISH YOU PUNY EXCUSES FOR SERPENTS!



OH, ALLAH, BELOVED RULER OF THE UNIVERSES BEYOND THE GREAT DOMAIN!

SILENCE, DOG!



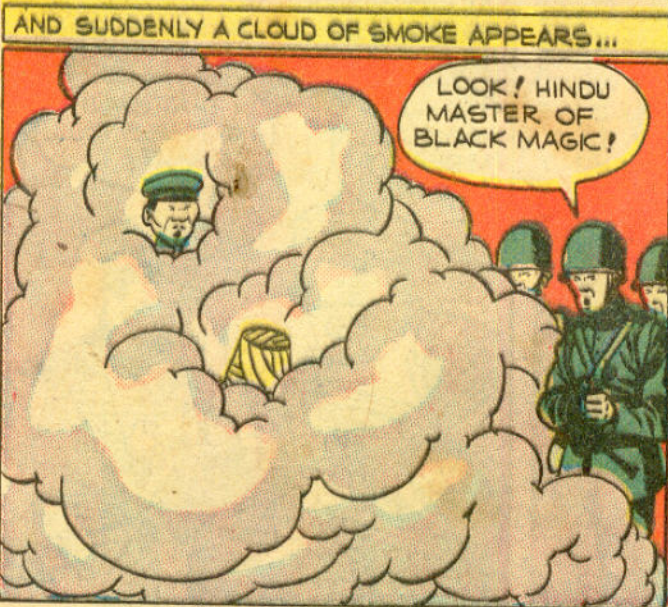
AS THE JAP RAISES HIS GUN TO FIRE, JEWALDRI SNAPS HIS CUFF...

NOW YOU DIE!

ALLAH, BLIND MY ENEMIES AND RID ME OF HIM!

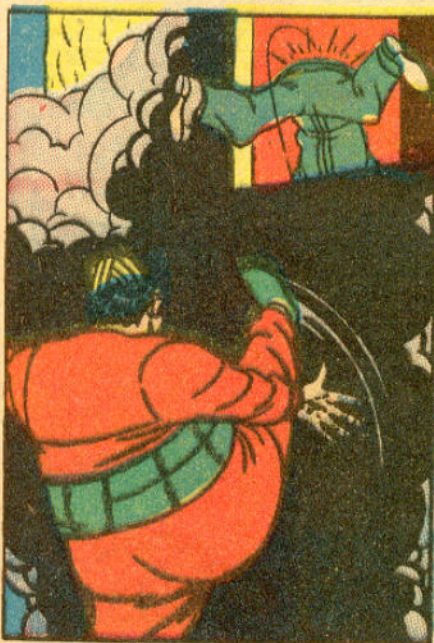
JEWALDRI!

SNAP



AND SUDDENLY A CLOUD OF SMOKE APPEARS...

LOOK! HINDU MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC!



ALLAH, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT THANKS YOU!

YOU DID IT! OH BOY!

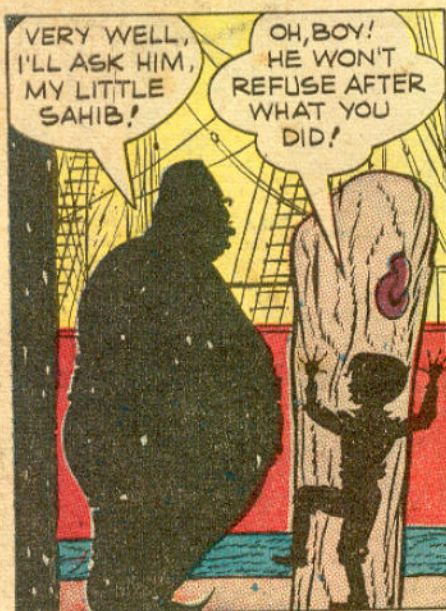
O-OUR COMMANDER HAS DISAPPEARED!

COME ON, JEWALDRI.. MAKE THE OTHERS DISAPPEAR!

NO! NO! SPARE US!









# INFERIOR MAN

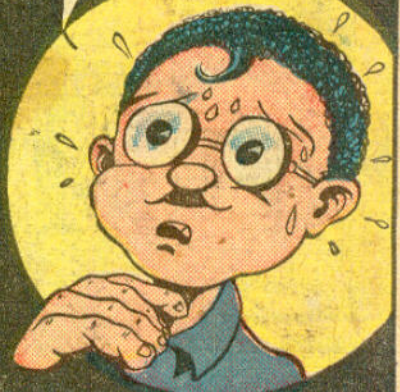
by  
ALLAN JAFFEE

LITTLE DOES THE WORLD  
REALIZE THAT THE MISS-  
ING BROOKLYN BRIDGE  
IS REALLY IN POSSESSION  
OF.. SHHHH..

**INFERIOR  
MAN!**



OHhhh!! GOSH!!! I DON'T  
WANT TO LOSE MY BRIDGE...  
BUT IF THOSE BROOKLYN  
CREATURES CATCH ME!!!  
OHhh... I MUST HIDE THE  
BRIDGE SOMEWHERE.....



SO... KITCH THE  
WITCH AGAIN GREET'S  
INFERIOR MAN..

HEE-HEE... I KNOW  
WHERE T'HIDE IT!  
WE'LL PUT IT BACK  
WHERE IT BELONGS!  
BUT IT'LL BE  
INVISIBLE!!!.. THEY  
WILL NEVER SEE IT!!  
WISH AGAIN, COURT-  
NEY..... WISH!!



OKAY... OHH GOSH...  
HERE I GO FOR  
ANOTHER BRAIN-  
STRAIN!



SEE!! THE BRIDGE  
IS BACK IN BROOK-  
LYN!!



NOW... WHO'D WANT A  
BRIDGE?.. THE W.P.A. —  
A JUNKMAN? — MAYBE  
SOME CITY SOMEWHERE  
...AHHH!!... I KNOW!!



WITH HIS SAVINGS INFERIOR  
MAN RUSHES TO A PHONE BOOTH

OPERATOR??  
I WANT TO  
MAKE A LONG  
DISTANCE  
CALL....

DEPOSIT  
YOUR NICKEL  
PLEASE!



TIME STAGGERS ON....

WOW!! THAT'S MY LAST  
NICKEL!! HELLO!! HELLO!!  
MISTER HITLER?? ARE YOU IN  
THE MARKET FOR A SLIGHTLY  
USED BRIDGE?.. BROOKLYN  
BRIDGE...



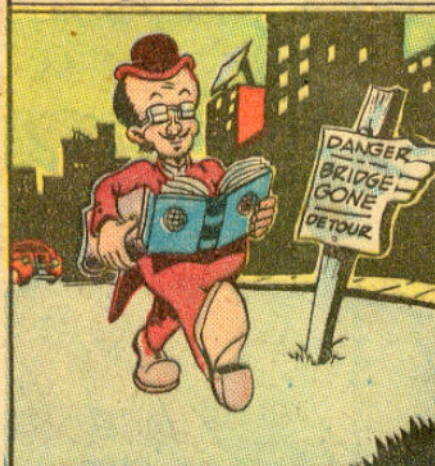
BROOKLYN?! DON'T SAY  
DOT NAME! PHOOEY!!!  
I LOSE 17,000,000  
MARKS ON DEM  
DODGERS IN DER BASE-  
BALL SERIES!



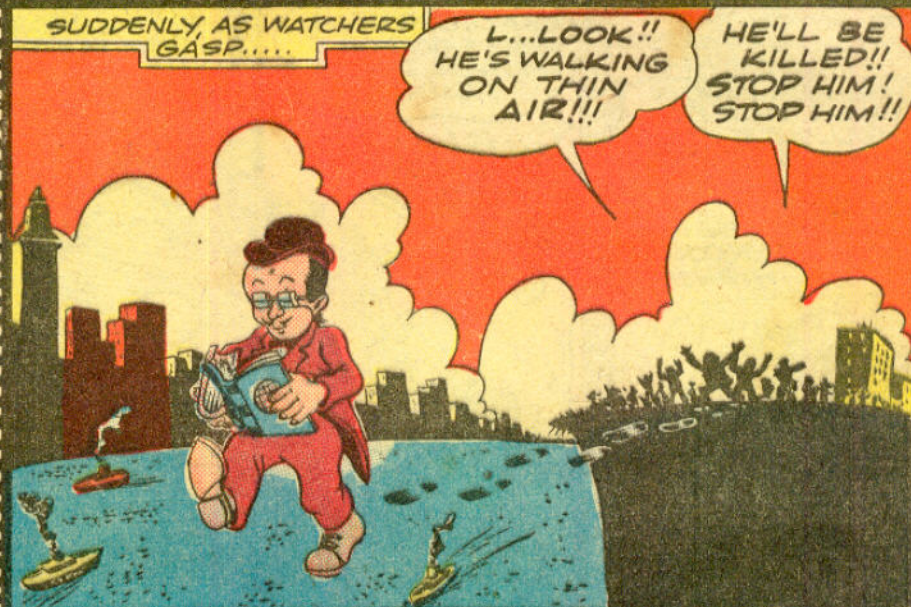




NOW.. BACK IN THE LAND OF BROOKLYN... WHERE THE BRIDGE IS REALLY IN AN INVISIBLE STATE... WALKS ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR STUFFBRAIN....



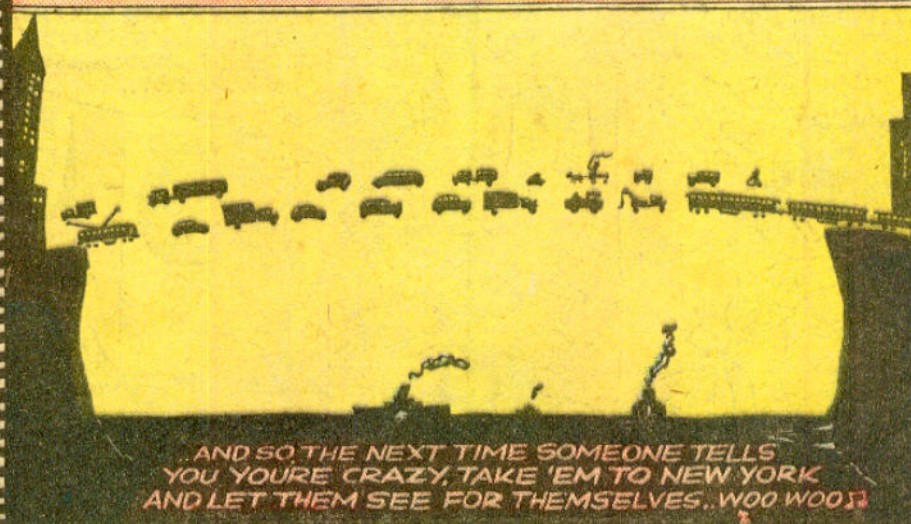
SUDDENLY, AS WATCHERS GASP....



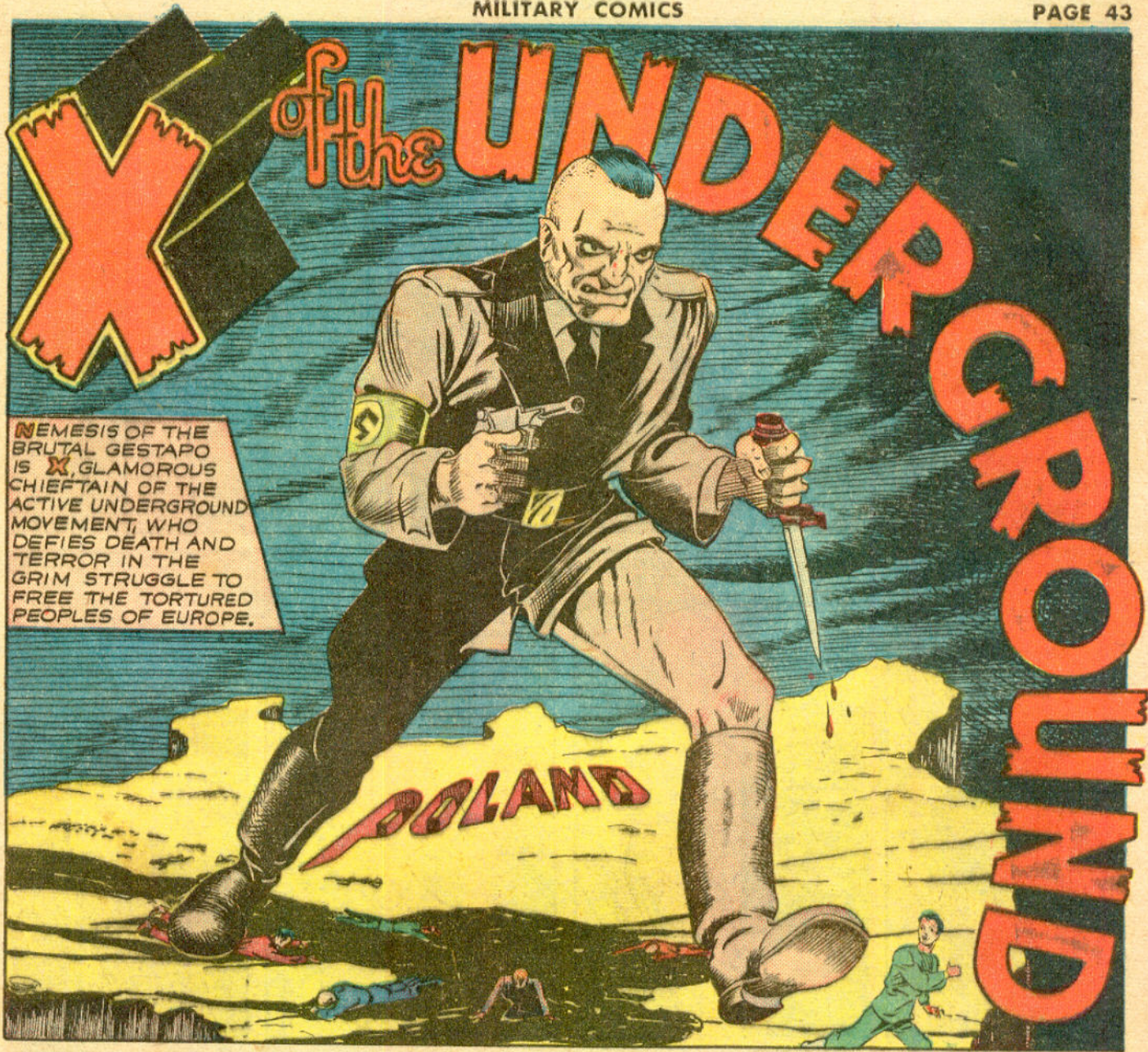
TWO BRAVE CITIZENS TRY TO SEE IF THERE IS REALLY SOMETHING TO WALK ON...



BUT WHEN IT IS DISCOVERED THAT SOME INVISIBLE FORCE TRULY GIVES SUPPORT "WHERE THE BRIDGE USED TO BE," TRAFFIC BEGINS TO ONCE AGAIN POUR ACROSS....







WRECKED BY BOMBS AND GUTTED BY FIRE, THE SHELL OF A BEAUTIFUL CITY. WARSAW LIES UNDER THE BOOT OF ITS NAZI CONQUERORS.



BUT FOR A SEEMINGLY DOOMED PEOPLE, NEW HOPE APPEARS ON THE HORIZON!



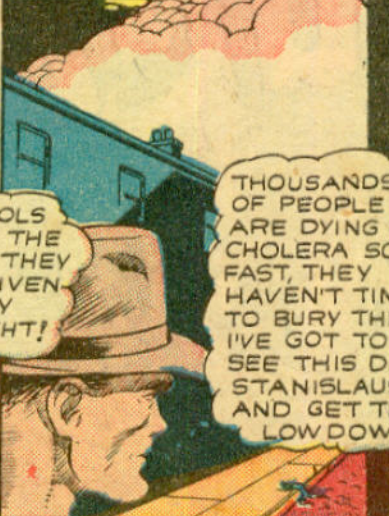


AT A PARTY IN HONOR OF FRITZ VORST, GESTAPO CHIEF FOR WARSAW, THE NAZIS UNKNOWINGLY DINE WITH THEIR MORTAL ENEMY. . .



IF THE FOOLS BUT KNEW THE SECRETS THEY HAVE GIVEN AWAY TONIGHT!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, BOB GRAY, RE-PORTER, LOOKS FOR A STORY. . .



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE DYING OF CHOLERA SO FAST, THEY HAVEN'T TIME TO BURY THEM! I'VE GOT TO SEE THIS DR. STANISLAUS AND GET THE LOW DOWN!



HE ISN'T HERE! I'LL WAIT FOR HIM!



CAN'T TURN A LIGHT ON.. IT'S AFTER CURFEW!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY LABORATORY?

I'M A RE-PORTER, DOCTOR! I WANTED A STORY ABOUT YOUR NEW CHOLERA SERUM!



FOOL! YOU BUMPED INTO THE SHADE JUST AS I TURNED ON THE LIGHT! A GESTAPO MAN MAY SEE IT!



GO QUICKLY! I CAN TELL YOU NOTHING ABOUT THE SERUM. IF THE NAZIS FIND OUT ABOUT IT, THEY WILL PERVERT ITS USE AS THEY ALWAYS DO!



A LIGHT! AFTER CURFEW TOO! I SHALL SEE ABOUT THIS!

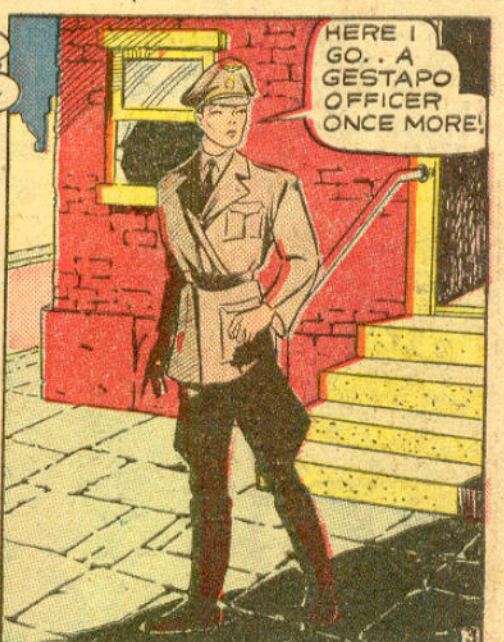
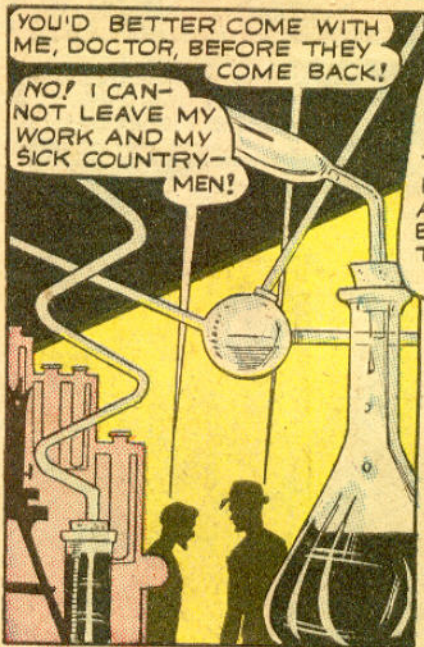


THEY WILL LEARN TO RESPECT OUR ORDERS IF WE HAVE TO KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!



INTO THE CLOSET.. AND BE QUIET. I HEAR FOOT- STEPS, AND IT MAY BE THE GESTAPO!

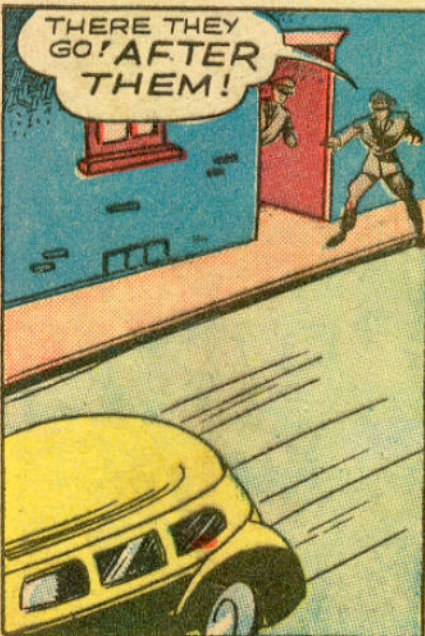














# We'll Moider D'Bums!

By RICHARD FRENCH

It was early Spring on Bataan Peninsular, and General Douglas MacArthur had just completed his astounding journey to Australia . . . but on the peninsular, business went on as usual. Again and again the foaming yellow wave smashed itself to bits against the rock wall of gallant defenders, only to reform and pound forward again with increased fury. Foremost among the embattled American forces was the handful of United States Marines . . . true to their tradition as the best darn fighting outfit in the world. Night and day for months, this tiny band had done heroic work in the desperate battle for the Philippines. From time to time the outside world has heard thrilling accounts of the magnificent exploits of these hardy Leathernecks, and MILITARY COMICS is proud to present the story of Private "Husk" Brandon, first-class fighting man and United States Marine!

"ZOWIE! Nice work Husk, y' got 'im!"

"Nuttin to it . . . jes' like rolling off a log! Lemme see . . . dat makes two dive bombers, t'ree Zeroes, n' a heavy bomber since

dis mornin! Guess dat makes me high man fer t'day . . . fork over dem butts, you guys."

"Why you don't geef somebody eltz a chents? Ahtza fife days youza win our cigareets!"

"Relax willya? Dis Corregidor is gettin' on me noives anyway . . . n' I got a coupla days foilough comin . . . I t'ink I'll run over to d' peninsular n' see how dem Army goons is makin' out."

With the acrid stench of anti-aircraft shells still in his nose, Husk waddles over towards the C.O.'s quarters to obtain his pass to visit the front, on Bataan. Brooklyn born and bred, Husk Brandon was a stalwart son of Uncle Sam. Well over six feet tall, he was equipped with a powerful body . . . developed no doubt by defending his pride and joy . . . Dem Dodgers.

"Well, Brandon . . . what brings you here? Nothing criminal I trust?"

"No sir! I got me a foilough comin' an' I t'ought mebbe I'd run over to d' peninsular n' help out dem poor boobies . . . I mean d' Army get rid o' some o' dem snipers."

"Very well, Brandon . . . You've got three days . . . get back here on time for a change if it won't inconvenience you too much! And . . . er . . . good luck my boy . . ."

\* \* \*

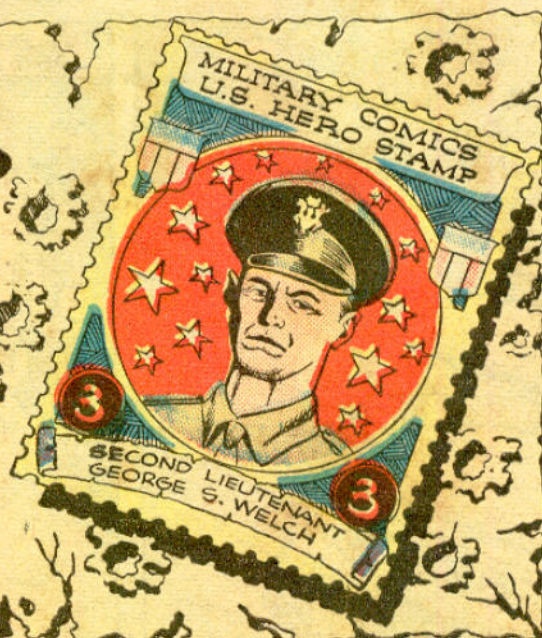
"The old man's a pretty good egg," thought Husk. "Too bad he's a Giant fan . . . well, it could be wise . . . he coulda been a Yankee Fan! \$\$\$+%)%(o'@"dem Yankees! We wuz robbed!"

\* \* \*

The tiny tender grated against the dock and Husk vaulted ashore. It had been nearly three weeks since his last trip to the peninsular, and he'd only gotten seven Japs on that trip. Have to do better this time . . . can't have them Army flunkies get too friskie with a Brooklyn Marine. Husk's favorite sport was a game invented by the Marines . . . called Snipe the Sniper. A favorite Jap stunt was to equip a half dozen sharpshooters with ammunition and several days supply of rice, and to send them through the American lines to perch in the trees and snipe the defenders from the rear. The Marines on furlough soon discovered that

## UNITED STATES HERO STAMP #3

ON THE TERRIBLE MORNING OF DEC. 7, WHILE THE COWARDLY JAPS WERE BLASTING PEARL HARBOR, SECOND LIEUTENANT GEORGE WELCH ROSE TO MEET THE INVADERS . . . AND IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING SUPERIORITY, SENT 4 JAPS SCREAMING TO DESTRUCTION !!! HE HAS BEEN AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS FOR HIS REMARKABLE FEAT !!







they could climb into the trees themselves, and wait until they spotted the tell-tale flash and puff of smoke from one of the nearby trees. It was a dead give away of the hidden Jap's position. First one Marine then another would fire into the foliage until the Jap came crashing to earth. It was a regular game . . . with prizes awarded to the high scorer. Since all Marines have to be at least Expert Marksmen, the total score reaches astounding proportions.

But on this trip, Husk was not destined to play Snipe the Sniper, for as he was admitted to the front lines, he discovered an officer asking for a volunteer to go on a very dangerous scouting expedition behind the enemy lines. A certain Jap machine gun was raising havoc with the American flank, and had to be silenced.

"I'll go sir . . . You might as well get the job done properly," said Husk.

"Oh . . . It's you again is it? Very well, private, locate the emplacement and RETURN! Our cannon will do the rest . . . do you understand?"

In a few moments Husk was on his way through the lines. In that particular position, the country was densely wooded with occasional clearings . . . and it was in just such a clearing that Husk stumbled right smack into the hidden Jap Machine guns . . . crews and all. Instantly all was

pandemonium! Guns flashed and roared and a cloud of gun smoke hung over the clearing, and into the tight packed Jap ranks blasted 198 pounds of fighting Marine. His first bull-like charge carried Husk clear through the Japs, and as he turned to close in on them he bellowed, "Drop yer t'(%\$) guns, yer outnumbered!"

Instantly an officer gave the necessary command and the Japs hesitated. "Outnumbered? And where is rest of Yankee forces?"

"There ain't no rest of forces . . . jist ME! But by gosh yer still outnumbered! A good U. S. MARINE is worth easy a dozen o' you slant eyed t'(%\$)" . . .

"He is alone! Exterminate the fool!"

Before the Japs could pull the triggers, Husk was among them, lashing right and left with his gleaming bayonet! Stronger men than they have quailed before the fighting fury of a Marine armed with a bayonet, and so it is no wonder that the Japs lost heart and attempted to flee . . . But so close packed were they that they had no chance to escape . . . and soon lay lifeless at the feet of Husk Brandon. The dozen corpses were scattered through the clearing, tracing the path of the short but deadly battle. Husk calmly cleaned his bayonet and stepped back into the bushes, dragging the two enemy machine guns.

"Brrmph . . . sputt . . . er ahem! Do you mean to say that you alone bested twelve Japanese and captured the guns? . . . all BY YOURSELF?"

"Yessir! It wuzn't much . . . I felt kinda guilty bouncin' th' poor little runts around like that . . . o' course, the only thing lower than a Yankee Fan is a Jap . . . but honest Lieutenant, they ain't so tough . . . why with just one regiment of U. S. Marines we could run 'em all into the China sea! I made kindofa sloppy job of it, but it would've been easier only I didn't have any bullets in me gun . . . I hadda stab 'em all to death . . . yeah, dey ain't so hot . . . why, WE'LL MOIDER DEM BUMS!"

READ THE LATEST ADVENTURE

*The* **DOLL MAN**

AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

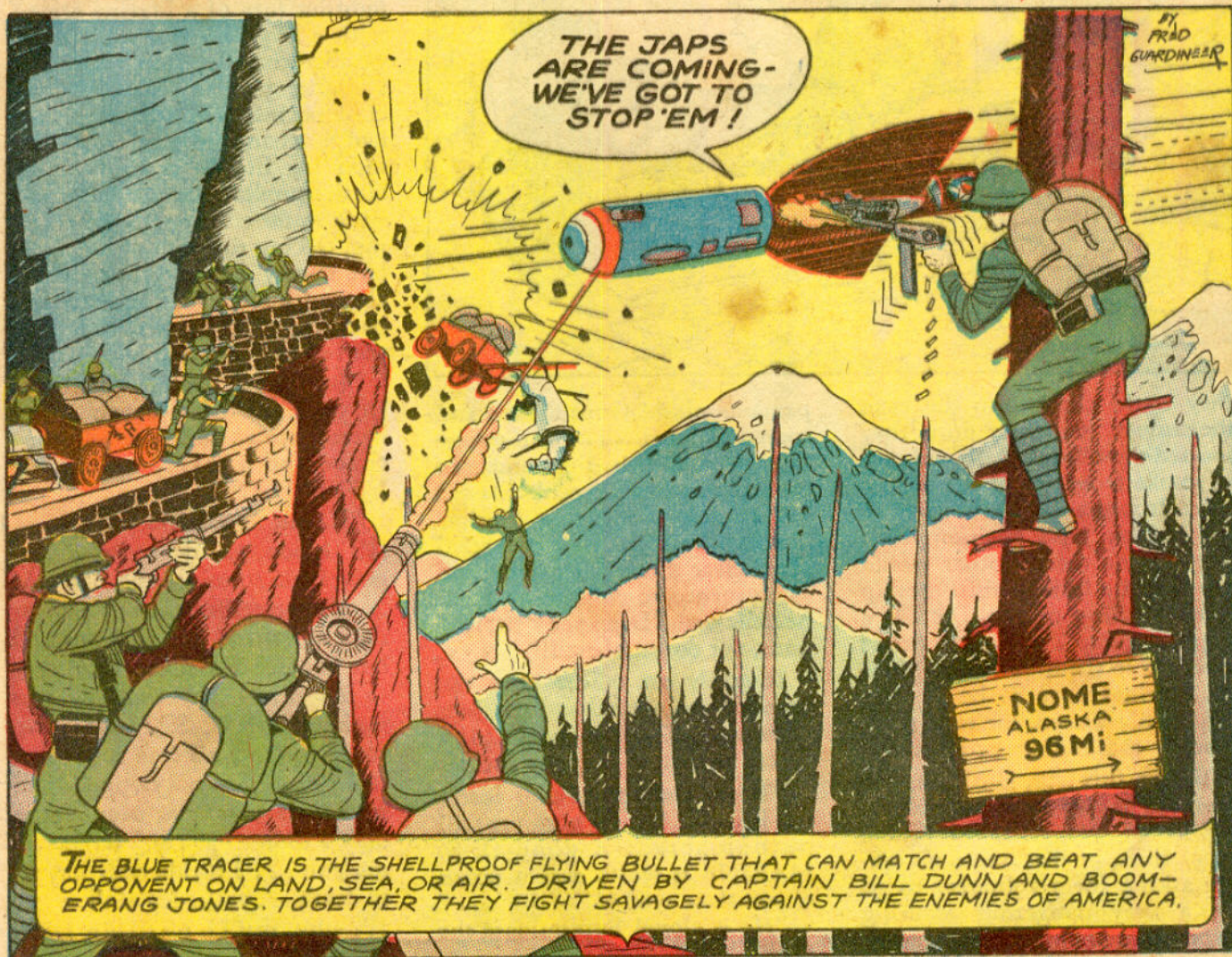
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF

**FEATURE**  
COMICS

ON SALE JUNE 24<sup>TH</sup>



# THE BLUE TRACER



AFTER SECRETLY ESTABLISHING A BRIDGEHEAD ON ALASKA, A JAP FOOT COLUMN MARCHES SOUTHWARD!



THIS INVASION WILL BE A CINCH! AMERICANS DON'T HAVE MANY SOLDIERS AND ALL THE CIVILIANS SAY "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"! HEH, HEH, HEH!

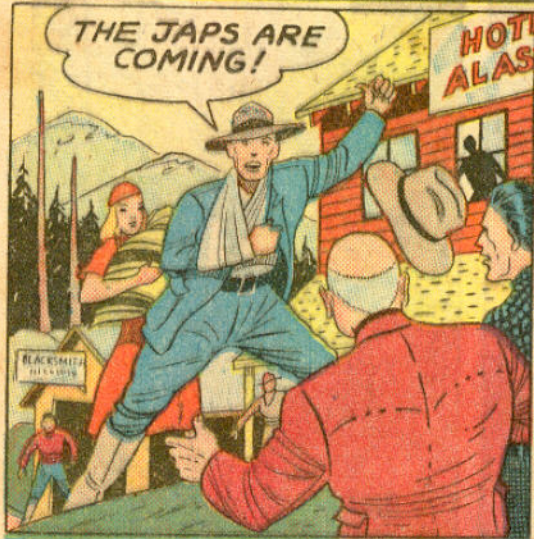


BUT THE BLUE TRACER IS WORTH A THOUSAND TANKS. HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT IT!

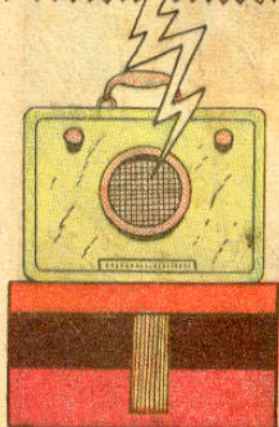




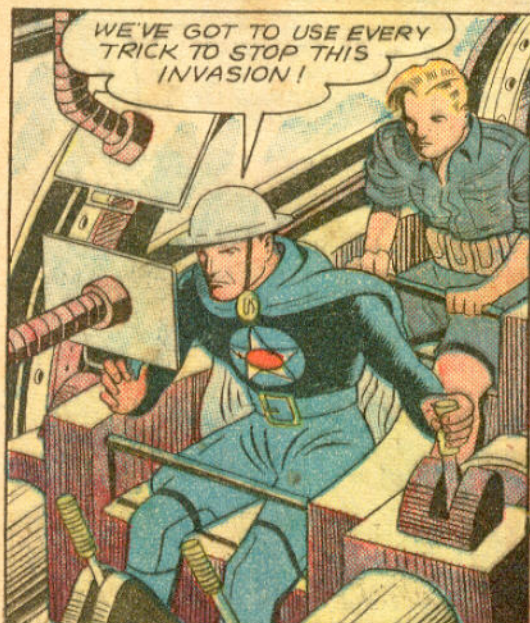
FURTHER SOUTH, THE FIRST REFUGEES STAGGER INTO A NORTHERN TOWN!



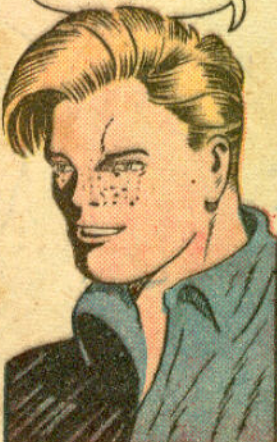
A JAPANESE ARMY IS MOVING SOUTH THROUGH RED BEAR PASS TOWARD KODIAK GORGE - ALASKA HAS BEEN INVADED!



RACING AGAINST TIME, THE BLUE TRACER FLIES LIKE A BULLET TOWARD THE ONCOMING HORDES OF NIPPON.



BY SMASHING THE KODIAK BRIDGE THEY COULD BE SLOWED UP - BUT I HAVE A BETTER IDEA - THIS IS IT---



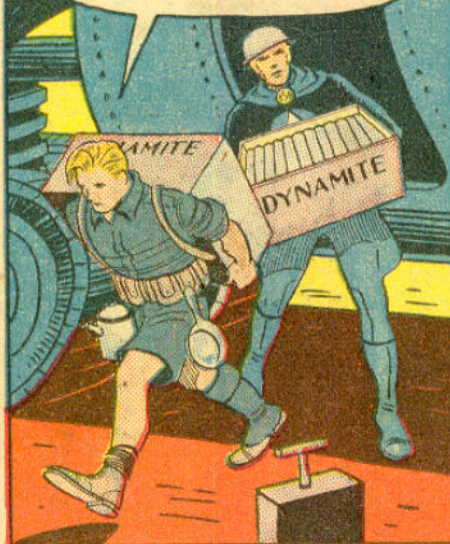


THE BLUE TRACER LANDS ON THE NARROW LEDGE!

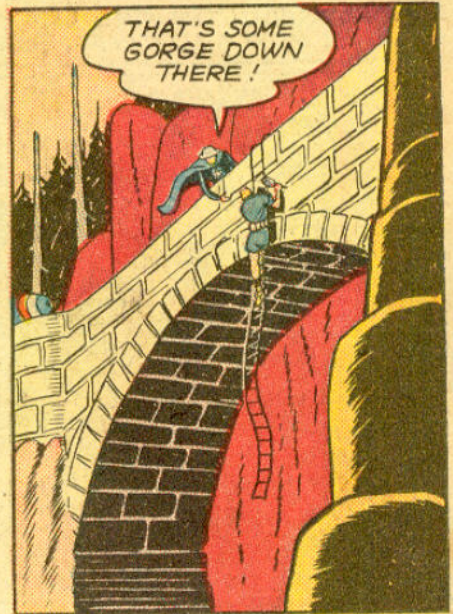
GOOD GOING, BILL!



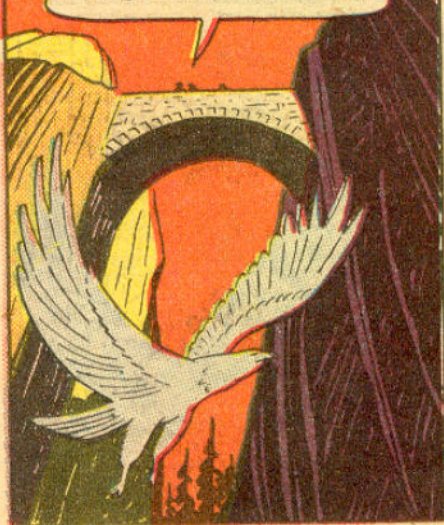
OKAY! LET'S GET BUSY WITH THE DYNAMITE!



THAT'S SOME GORGE DOWN THERE!



WE'RE ALL DONE NOW! THERE'S ENOUGH T.N.T. IN THIS BRIDGE TO BLOW IT TO DUST!



SEE YA LATER, BOOMER-ANG!

SHE'S TAKIN' THE RISKS, I'VE GOT TO SUCCEED AND SAVE HIM!

OKAY, GOOD-LOOKIN'! DON'T WRECK TH' BLUE TRACER!

HE'S TAKIN' TH' RISKS- GEE!! I HOPE THE JAPS DON'T KILL HIM!



FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, BOOMERANG WATCHES THE BLUE TRACER FLY AWAY!



THOSE JAPS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

OH, OH! HERE THEY COME!



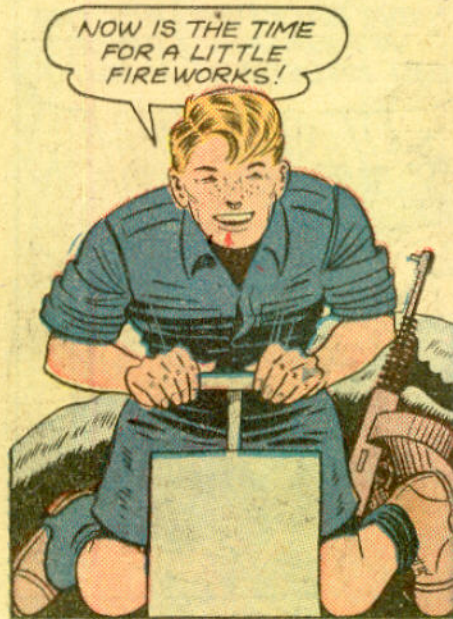
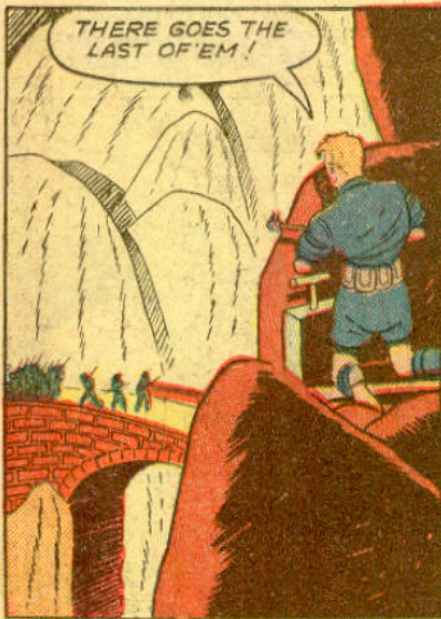
GEE - IT'S TAKEN THEM A COUPLE HOURS TO GET OVER THAT BRIDGE!

RAKATUFO DENSAI, KAGOSHIMA IZU!

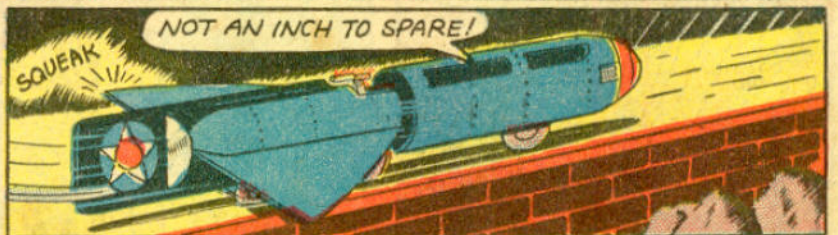
GANOYA KYUSHU GANAKASI?



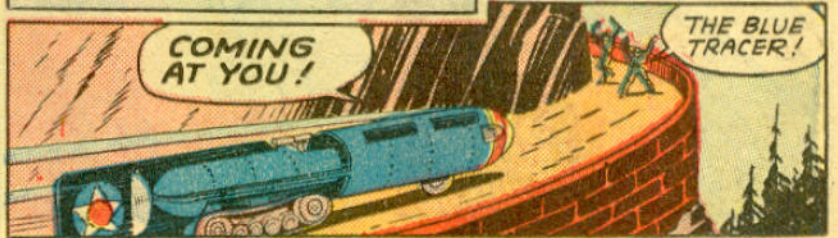




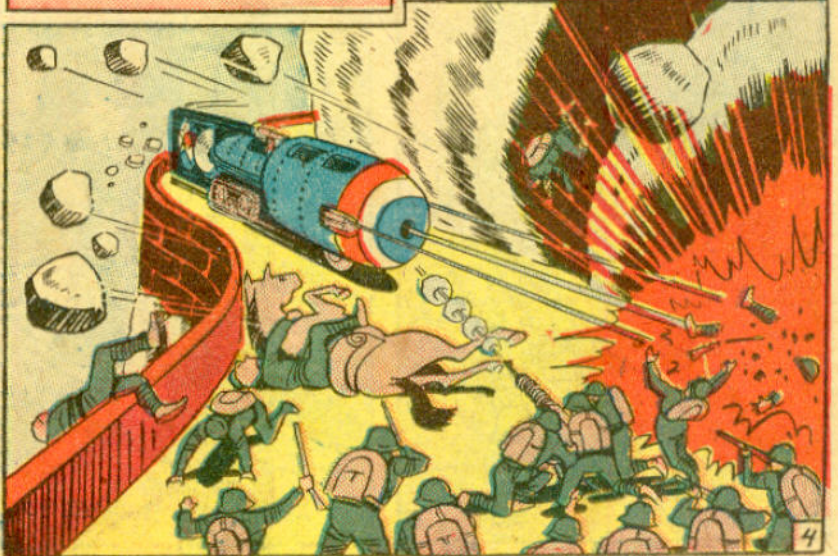
MEANWHILE THE BLUE TRACER LANDS ON THE PASS!



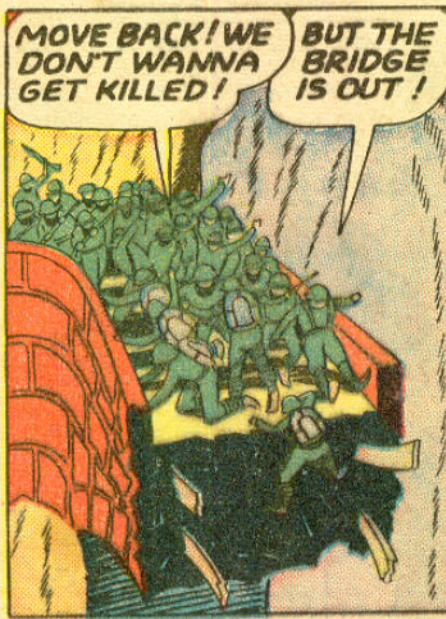
...AND FOLDING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS IT IS READY TO MEET THE FOE AS A LAND TANK.



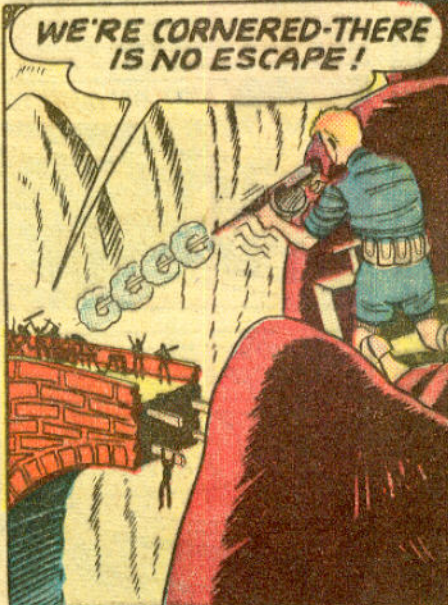
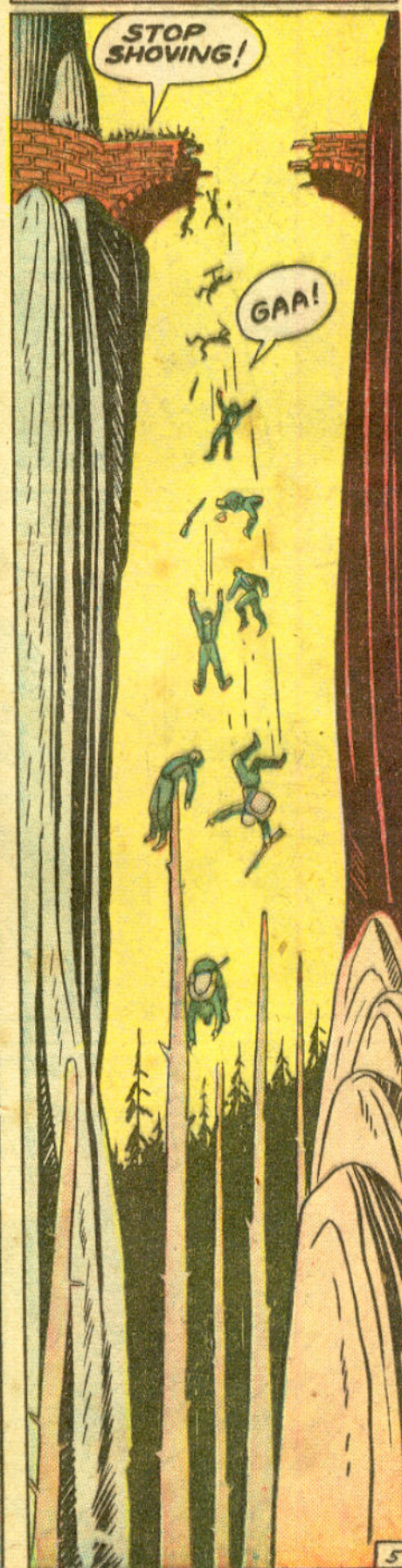
AS BILL POURS DEADLY SHELLS INTO THE JAP ARMY, HE FORCES THEM BACK... BACK...



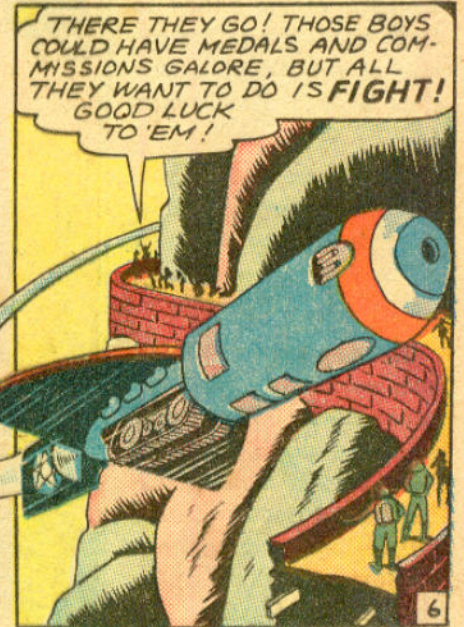
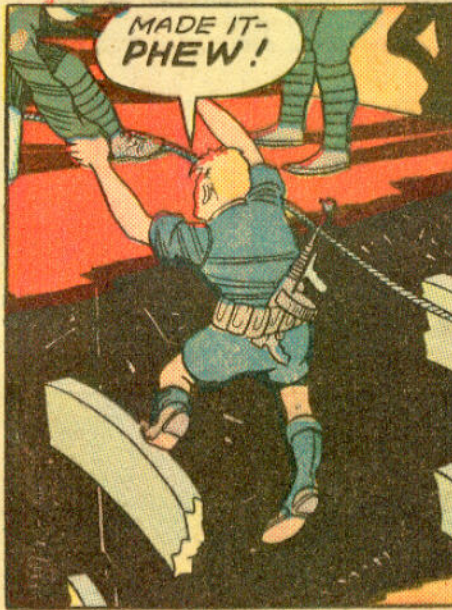
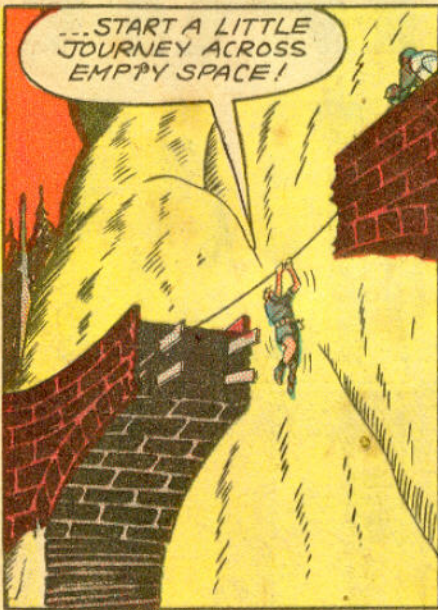
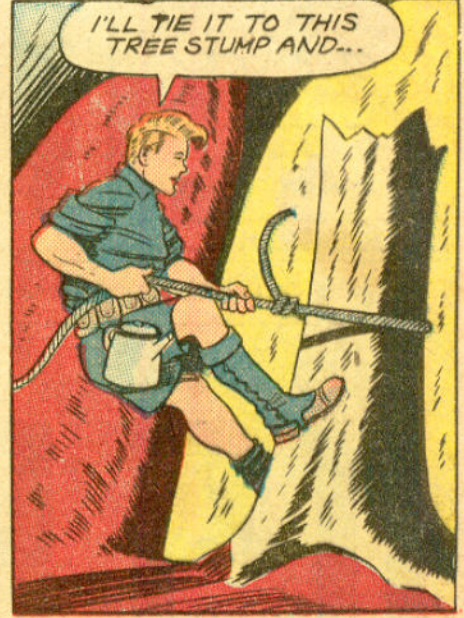
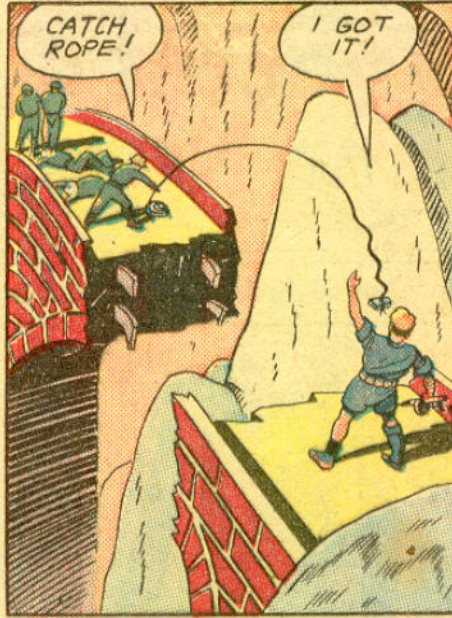
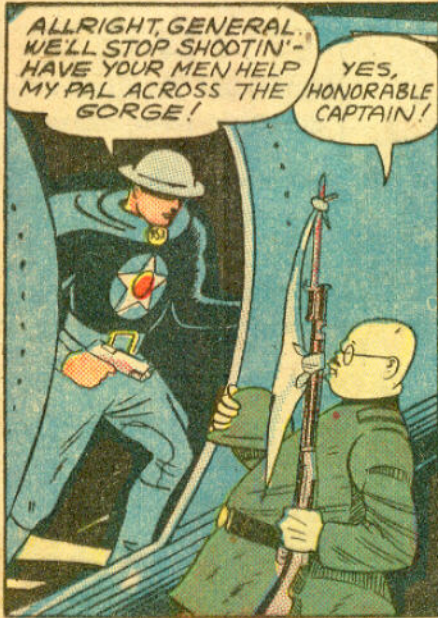




THE RETREAT BECOMES A ROUT, AND THE REAR GUARD IS PUSHED OFF THE BROKEN BRIDGE!







Don't miss the next exciting episode of The Blue Tracer.





This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

# U.S. SEAMAN TRAPS U-BOAT

unsung heroes are those men who keep open American commerce lanes on the high seas despite the dangers of war—

Whether their ships carry cargoes to far off Russia and Australia, or are sailing in U. S. coastal waters, the seamen of the American Merchant Marine stubbornly carry on.

Without the protection of the convoy system, coastal shipping has been the chief prey of the Axis raiders—U-boats that strike without warning!

The dawn of March 13th, finds one of these ships, the tanker Eleanor Ross, plowing through a slate colored sea, bound for New York. On her bridge is First Mate Fred Daiger little realizing he is soon to go through the greatest experience in his career.







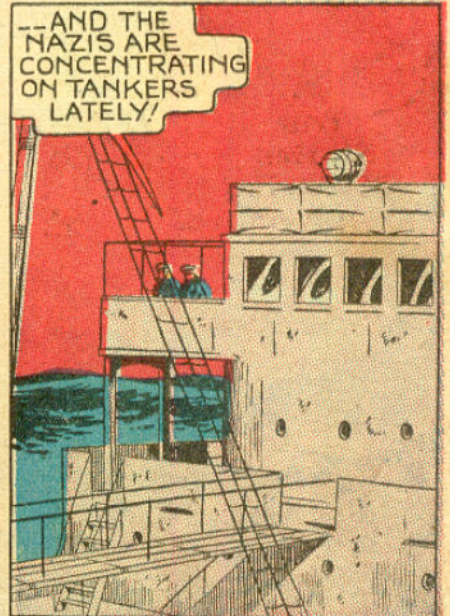
ANOTHER DAY OR SO AND WE'LL BE IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK, SKIPPER!

AYE, DAIGER, BUT I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS DAY IS OVER!

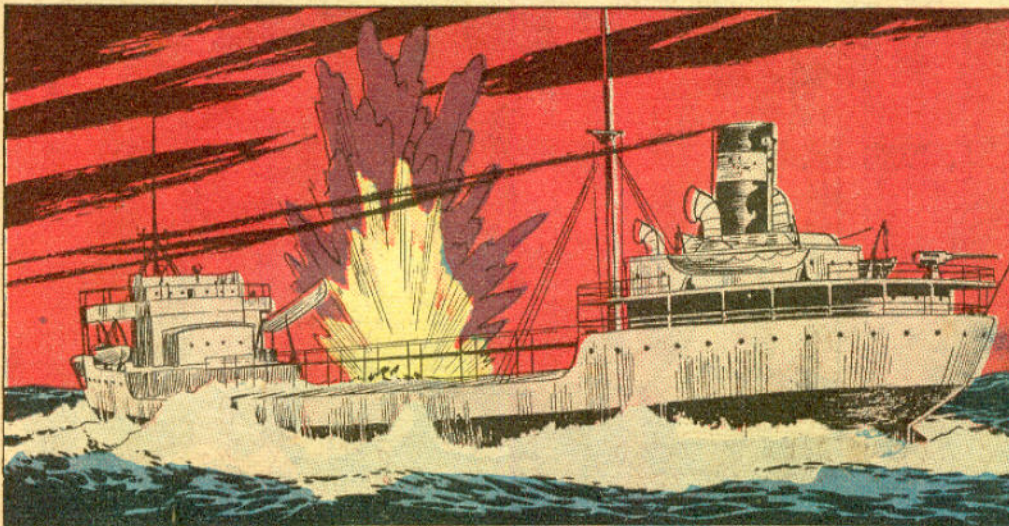


WHY, SIR...? WITH THIS SEA RUNNING, IT'LL BE HARD FOR A U-BOAT TO SPOT US!

TO-DAY IS FRIDAY, THE 13 TH!



...AND THE NAZIS ARE CONCENTRATING ON TANKERS LATELY!



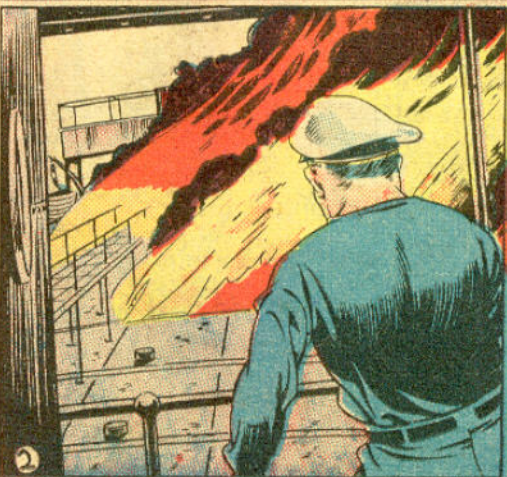
THE 'ELEANOR ROSS' DOGGEDLY BATTERS HER WAY NORTHWARD, SWEEPED CONTINUALLY BY THE SULLEN GRAY SEAS--- SUDDENLY, THE TANKER IS STAGGERED BY A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION AMIDSHIPS----

FIRST MATE, FRED DAIGER, IS ASTERN AND OFF DUTY WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURS--!



TORPEDOED!

--AND HE REACHES THE DECK IN TIME TO SEE A HOLOCAUST OF FLAME BLOT OUT THE ENTIRE FORWARD PART OF THE STRICKEN ELEANOR ROSS !!



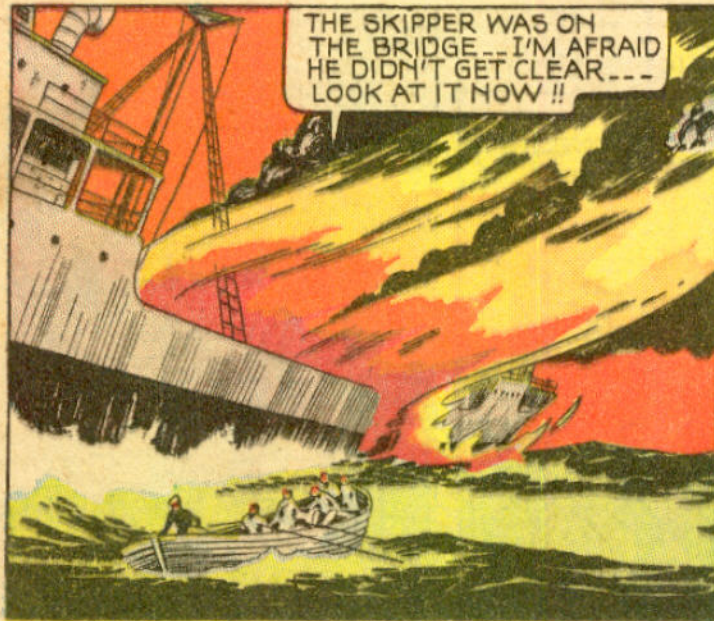
THE OIL IS BURNING--!! WE'VE GOTTA LAUNCH OUR BOATS FAST----!!



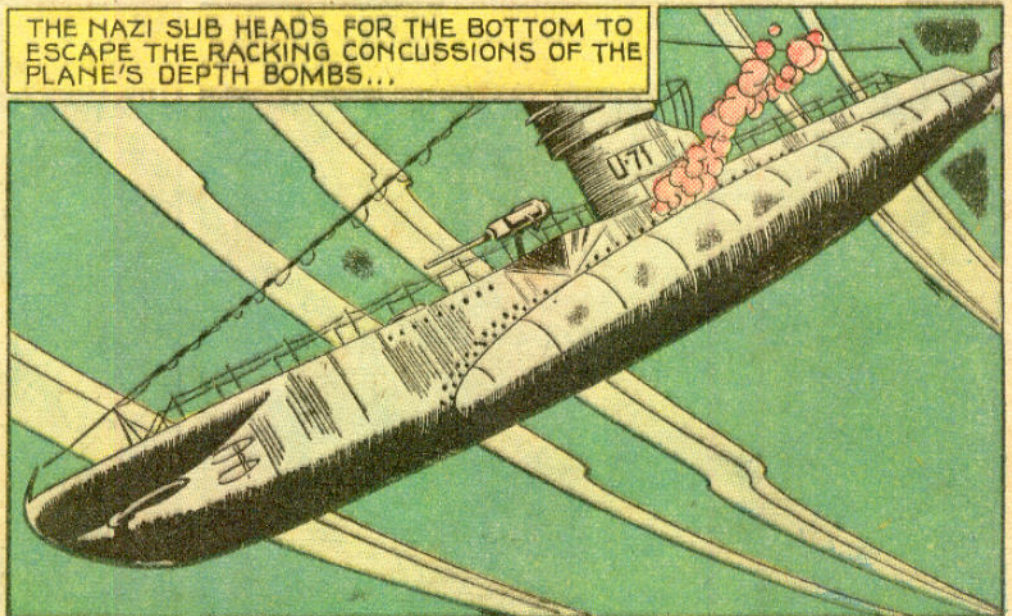
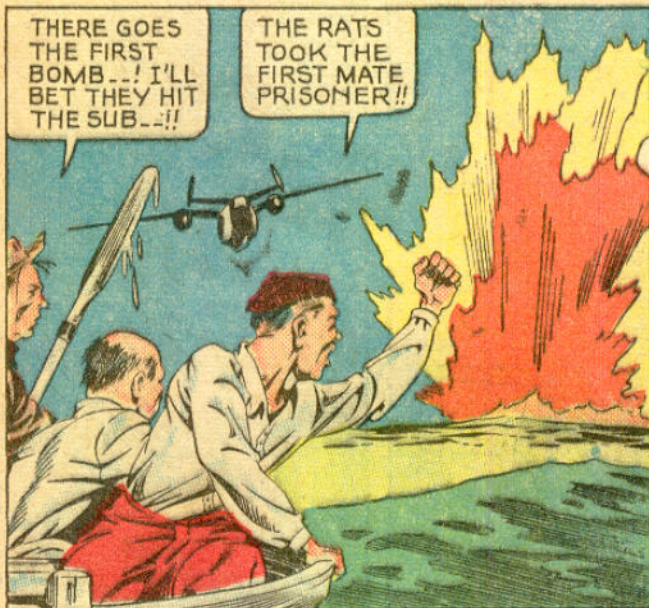
THE FLAMES ROAR BACK TOWARD THE STERN, AS THE SURVIVING CREW MEMBERS STRUGGLE TO LAUNCH A BOAT!



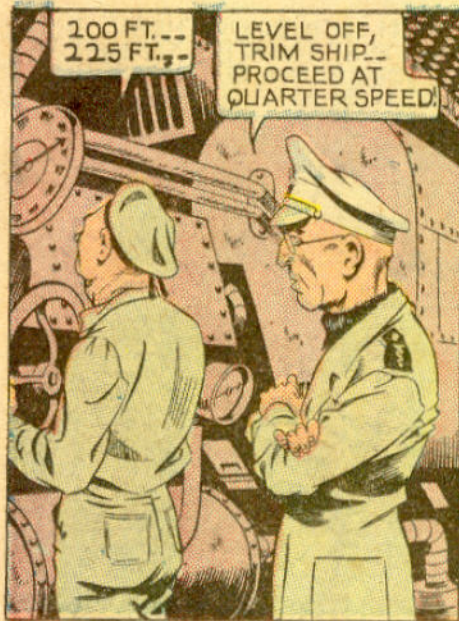






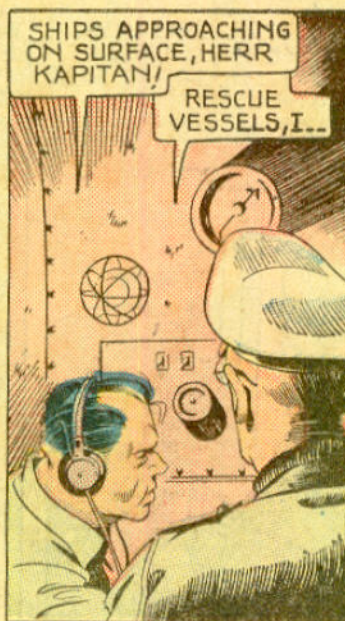






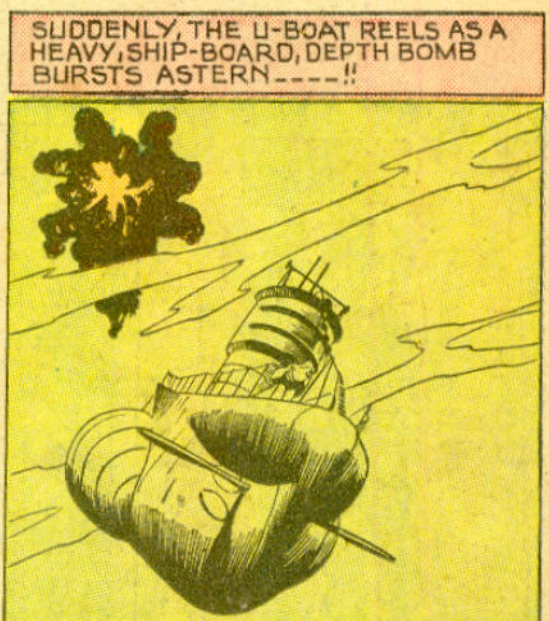
100 FT.--  
225 FT.--

LEVEL OFF,  
TRIM SHIP--  
PROCEED AT  
QUARTER SPEED.



SHIPS APPROACHING  
ON SURFACE, HERR  
KAPITAN!

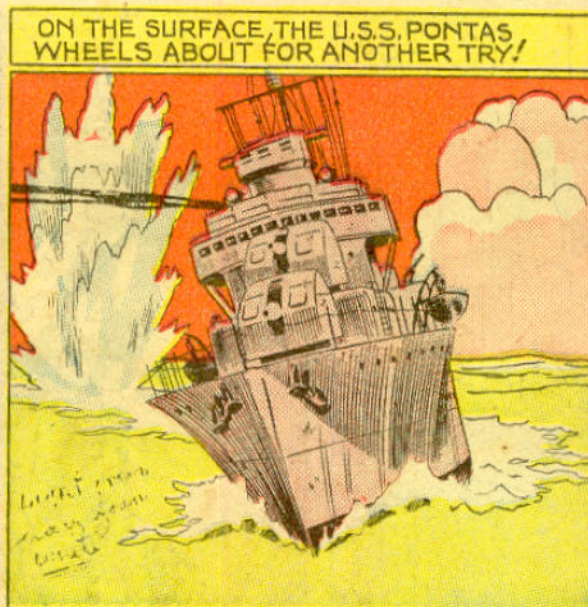
RESCUE  
VESSELS, I--



SUDDENLY, THE U-BOAT REELS AS A  
HEAVY, SHIP-BOARD, DEPTH BOMB  
BURSTS ASTERN-----!!



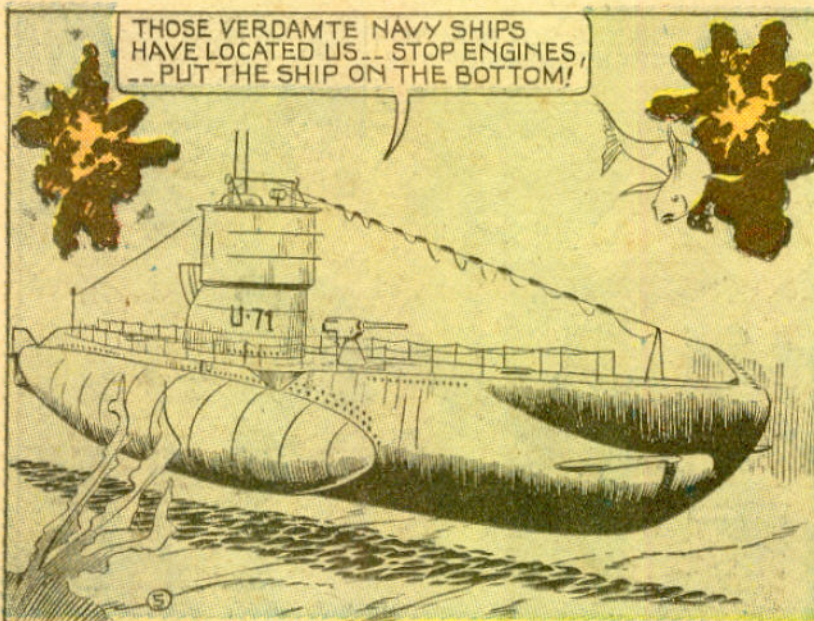
WHAM!--ANOTHER ONE !!  
SOUNDS LIKE THE U.S.  
NAVY HAS CAUGHT UP  
WITH THIS SEA-GOING TIN  
CAN !!-- THE ONLY TROUBLE  
IS, I'M IN IT !!



ON THE SURFACE, THE U.S.S. PONTAS  
WHEELS ABOUT FOR ANOTHER TRY!



I THINK THE PLANE  
MUST'VE CRIPPLED THAT  
SUB--- AND OUR QUICK  
ARRIVAL SURPRISED  
HIM ALSO, I'LL WAGER!



THOSE VERDAMTE NAVY SHIPS  
HAVE LOCATED US-- STOP ENGINES,  
-- PUT THE SHIP ON THE BOTTOM!

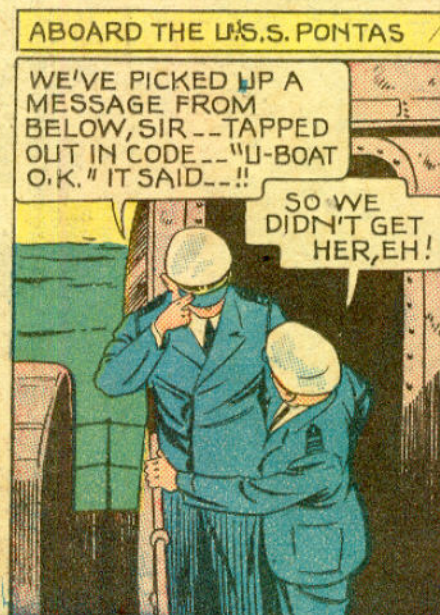
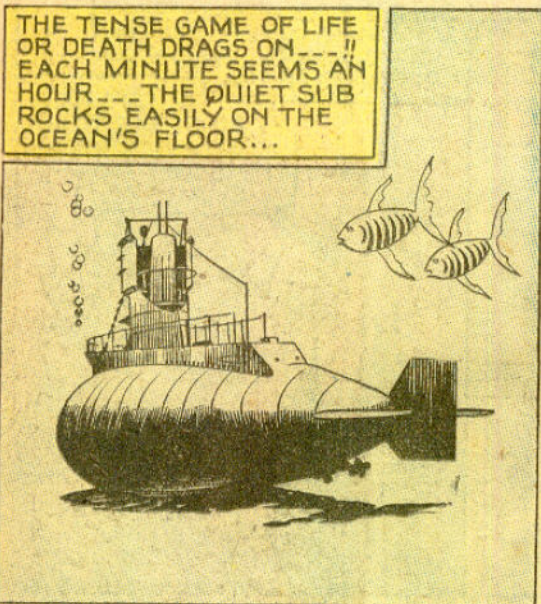


PUT SOME OIL, BITS  
OF CORK, AND SOME  
CLOTHING IN ONE OF  
THE TUBES--WE'LL  
TRY THAT TRICK--!!



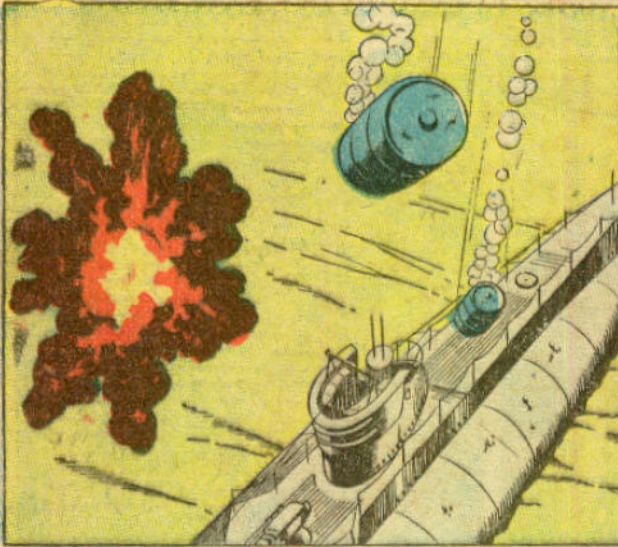
-- AND ON THE  
SURFACE A FEW  
MINUTES LATER!







THE CRASH OF DEPTH BOMBS THROWS THE SUB CREW INTO FRANTIC ACTIVITY



THEY'VE FOUND US!!  
--ENGINES FULL  
AHEAD!!-- COURSE--



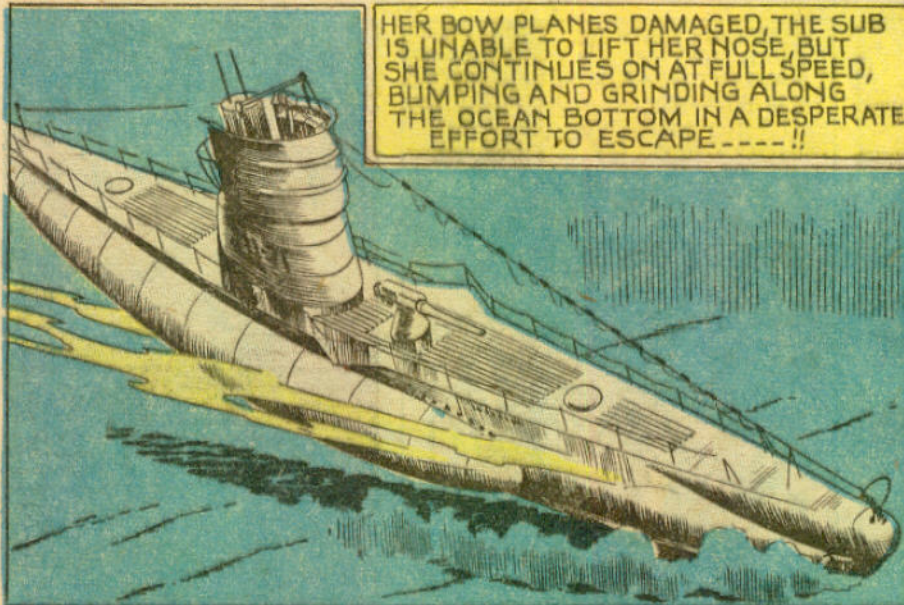
A TREMENDOUS CRASH UP FORWARD-- THE LIGHTS WINK OUT-- THE U-BOAT'S BOW LIFTS AT A CRAZY ANGLE

WE'RE HIT FORWARD, HERR KAPITAN!

TRIM SHIP--!!  
EMERGENCY LIGHTS



HER BOW PLANES DAMAGED, THE SUB IS UNABLE TO LIFT HER NOSE, BUT SHE CONTINUES ON AT FULL SPEED, BUMPING AND GRINDING ALONG THE OCEAN BOTTOM IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE----



SOUNDS AS IF THEY'RE SCRAPING ALONG ON THE BOTTOM, SIR-- WE'VE CRIPPLED HER--

MIGHT BE ANOTHER TRICK!  
CONTINUE DROPPING DEPTH CHARGES!



ANOTHER EXPLOSION CLOSE ASTERN-- AND THE SEA POURS IN THROUGH THE SUB'S BROKEN PLATES--



--WATER SURGES INTO THE STERN BATTERY ROOM--

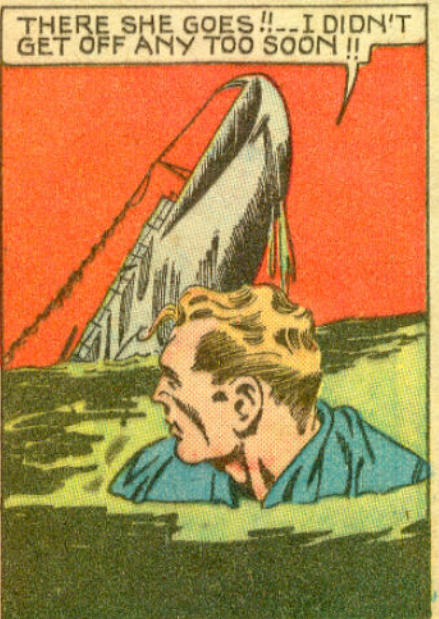
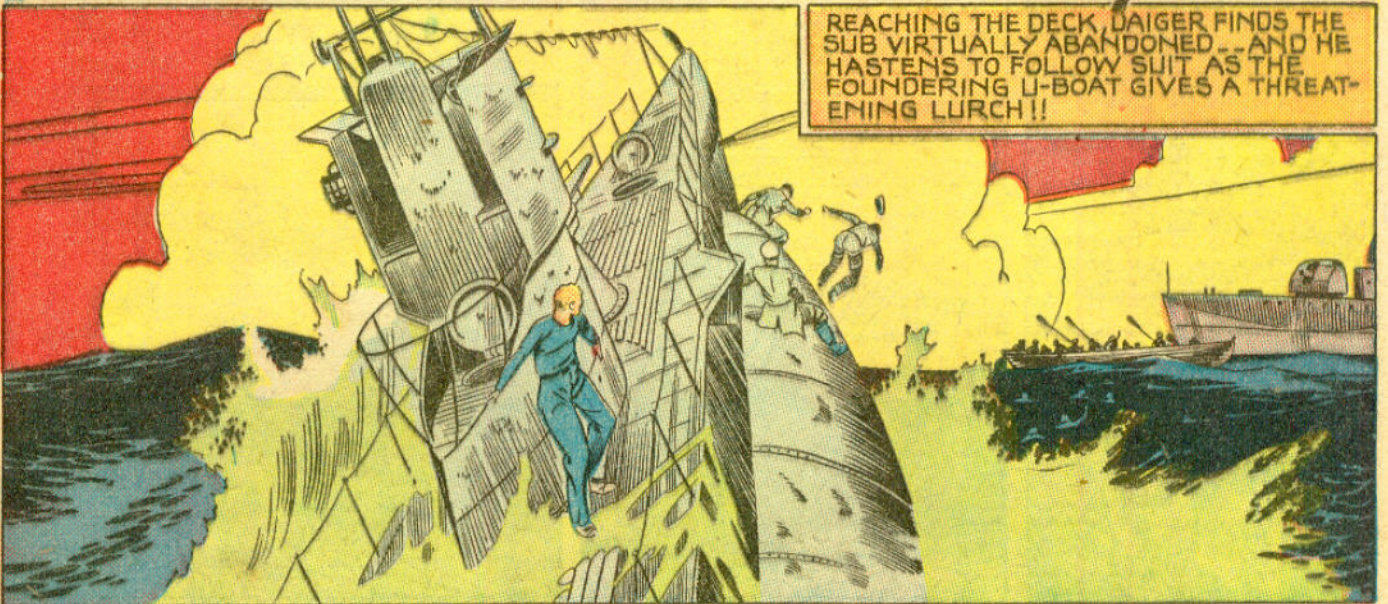
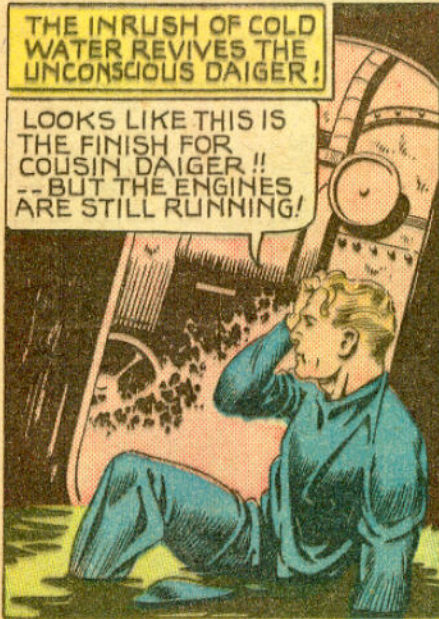
CHLORINE GAS!!



QUARTER SPEED ASTERN!!  
BLOW TANKS-- SURFACE--







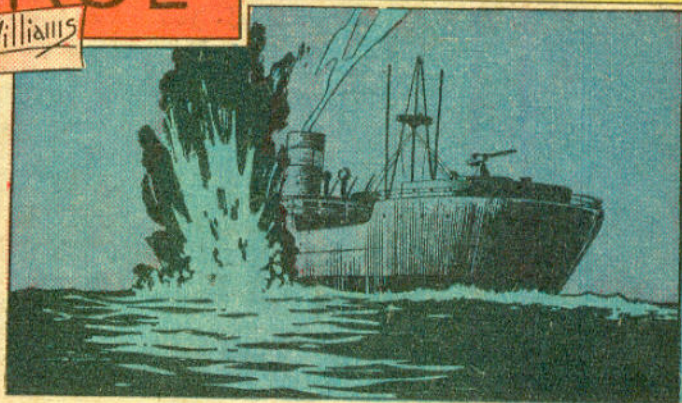
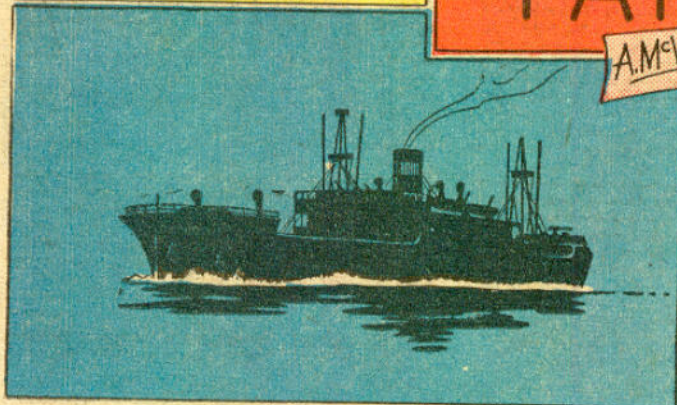


MIDNIGHT, FEB. 23, FINDS  
A SLOW AMERICAN MER-  
CHANT SHIP PLOWING  
ALONG STEADILY THROUGH  
CARIBBEAN WATERS----

# The ATLANTIC PATROL

A. McWilliams

--- BUT, A FEW MINUTES  
LATER, THE OLD SHIP  
STAGGERS, AS A TORPEDO  
CRASHES INTO HER SIDE----!!



ENSIGN WENDT, IN  
CHARGE OF THE SHIP'S  
NAVY GUN CREW,  
STRAINS HIS EYES  
FOR A GLIMPSE OF  
THE U-BOAT---

WE'VE STILL GOT  
STEAM UP, SIR--  
BUT WE CAN'T  
LAST LONG----!!

SUDDENLY, A FLASH OF GUNFIRE OFF  
TO PORT AS THE SUB STARTS SHELL-  
ING THE SINKING FREIGHTER---



SHE'S OFF TO  
PORT SOME-  
WHERE!

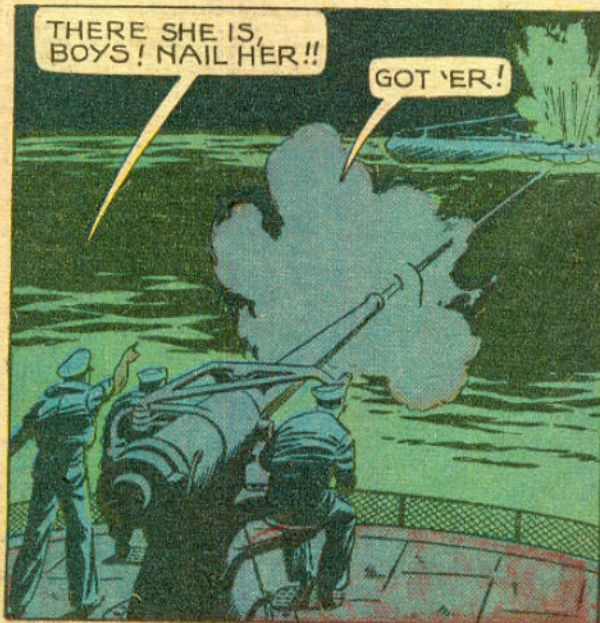
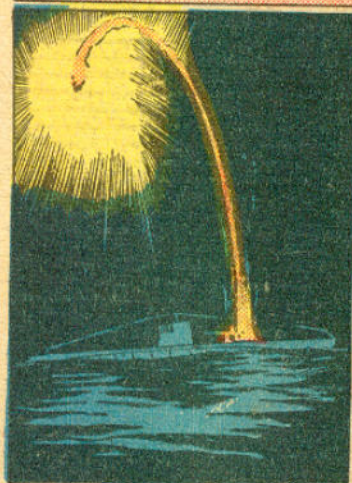


STILL CAN'T SEE HER,  
SIR-- BLACK AS THE  
INSIDE OF MY HAT!

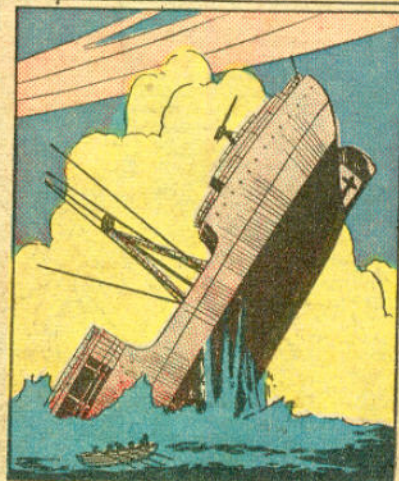
BUT THE U-BOAT'S GUN  
CREW CAN'T SEE EITHER  
--- AND THEY SEND UP  
A FLARE--THEIR FATAL  
MISTAKE!!

THERE SHE IS,  
BOYS! NAIL HER!!

GOT 'ER!



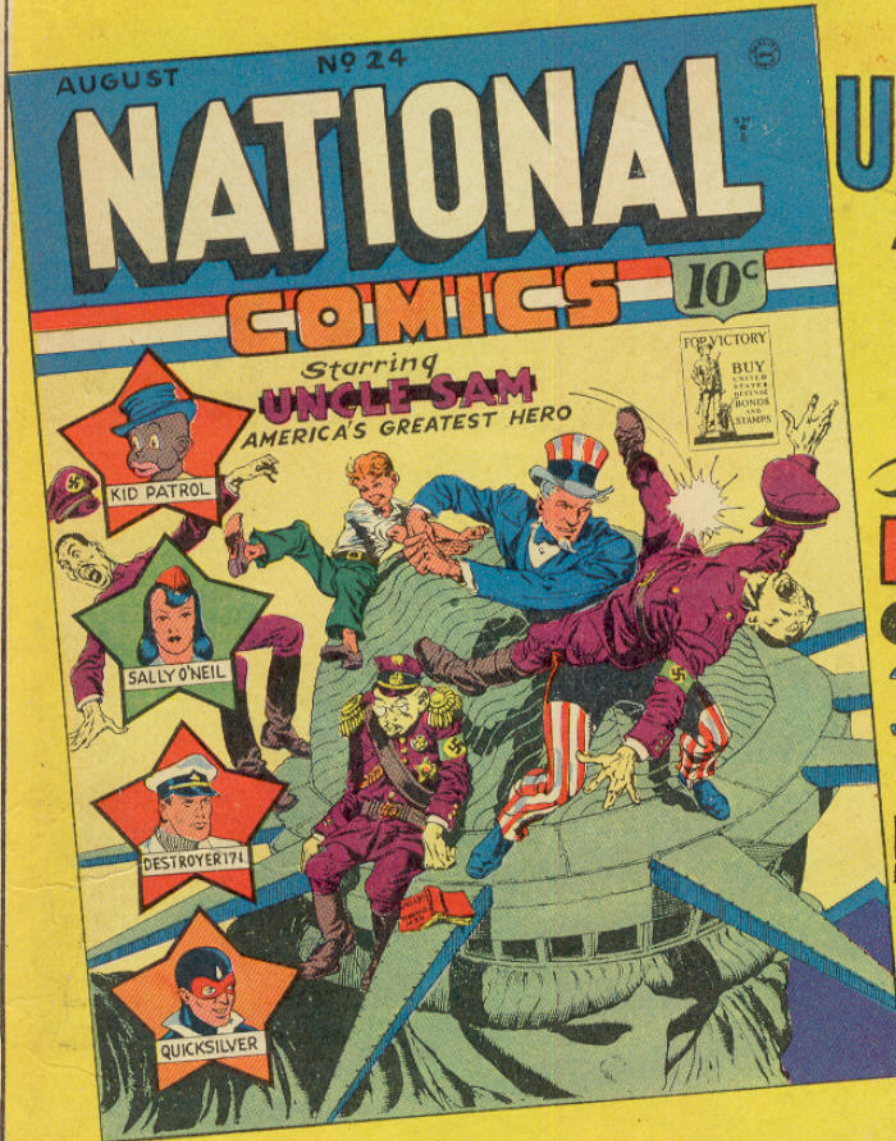
THE FREIGHTER SINKS  
TWELVE HOURS LATER--  
THE FIRST U.S. MERCHANT  
SHIP TO SINK A U-BOAT  
IN WORLD WAR II



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**-SECRETARY OF THE  
TREASURY!**

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY  
WASHINGTON



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Here's a way for every one of you  
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp  
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part  
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brothers or uncles are using for the defense  
of our country.

If every one of you forty million  
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent  
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ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em  
Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

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**FOR VICTORY**



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